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THE HEMMING-IN OF THE BOERS: AN ARMOURD TRAIN FOILING AN ATTEMPT OF BURGHERS TO CROSS THE RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I have done a grave injustice to a Dutch humorist. Misled by a quotation, I assumed that the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* had acknowledged a financial obligation to Dr. Leyds for its share in the publicity of libels on the British troops. It appears now that the supposed confession was ironical. Dutch humour is a sudden and a startling thing, and any man may be excused for misconstruing it when it takes him unawares. But an apology is due to the *Courant*, and I am willing to believe that, in Rotterdam, lying about the British troops is its own reward. An evening print, which has Boeritis very badly, takes occasion to lecture some of us on the "ethics of journalism." I gather from this preaching that it is quite ethical for the Rotterdam journal to lie, but a gross violation of ethics to say that it lies for its own sordid advantage. This is worthy of another paper, which is the favourite reading of the convict Krause, sentenced to two years' imprisonment for incitement to murder. Krause suggested that a certain British subject should be shot in a "lawful" manner, or otherwise put out of the way. Ethical journalism does not stand by him with the zeal he had reason to expect. Was he not "doing his duty to his country"? This is the formula that Boeritis employs to exonerate Botha, who threatened to burn the homes of surrendered burghers, and leave their families to starve on the veldt.

Lord Kitchener endeavoured to make a convention with Botha, by which the Boers were to leave the families of surrendered burghers unmolested, and the British were not to molest the families of burghers still on commando. But Botha would not agree, and Lord Kitchener was compelled to shelter in the concentration camps many women and children who would otherwise have been starved to death by their own chivalrous kinsfolk. Does this revelation abash the journals of Boeritis? Not in the least. In their eyes, Botha was "doing his duty to his country," and Lord Kitchener was guilty of "barbarism." We rescued the children from starvation, but that is not set to our credit. Many of them died of measles, and we are accused of waving the British flag over "hecatombs of slaughtered babes." Dr. Conan Doyle has written an admirable pamphlet ("The War in South Africa: Its Cause and Conduct"), in which he exposes the infinity of lies contributed by the "civilised world" to the righteousness of the Boer resistance. He shows that a guerilla war, relentlessly pursued, is really waged by its organisers as much against their own non-combatants as against the enemy. But will this appease Boeritis at home or abroad? Lord Kitchener invited Mr. Burger, Mr. Steyn, and General Botha to inspect the concentration camps, and see for themselves that the charges of inhumanity were unfounded. Does this chasten the zeal of our calumniators? I have no doubt they will say in Germany that this was a trick of Kitchener's to distract Botha's mind from his irresistible military operations.

A spirited citizen has offered to pay £10,000 if any charges of inhumanity can be established, and £500 for the expenses of the investigation. But as Botha, Steyn, and Burger have declined to investigate, why trouble any equally dispassionate inquirers? The "civilised world," I imagine, is sufficiently impressed by the resolve of the Empire to uphold the honour of the British Army. The declarations of the Federal Parliament of Australia, and of the great public meetings in New Zealand, should be intelligible even to a German mind. The Colonists say that, if need be, they will spend "their last shilling" on this war, and finish it themselves, so as to release the British troops for service elsewhere. This plain speaking, I notice, disturbs some owl-roosts, which have comfortably assumed that the way to disarm foreign animosity is to ignore it. In the same enlightened quarters there is still a touching belief that the fighting Boer is a sentimentalist, who can be soothed with chatter about peace. The Colonies are not sentimentalist, and their stimulating spirit is most welcome, although it flutters the owl-roosts.

I fear Lord Kitchener has not much time for polite literature, though his controversial style shows that he has studied the best models. He may have heard that one of his amiable critics in this country printed the hope that De Wet would flog and pistol him; but he may not know that nearly a hundred years ago an equally agreeable sentiment was expressed by a distinguished man of letters in regard to Wellington. Southey was furious in 1808 against the Convention of Cintra: "There is a straight and easy way," he wrote to a correspondent, "of proceeding in such a case, which is to break the Convention, and shoot those who made it; or else, after the manner of the Romans, deliver them up to the enemy with ropes round their necks." De Wet was to flog and pistol Lord Kitchener, and Junot was to hang Sir Arthur Wellesley. How delightfully these historical tempers repeat themselves from age to age! But Southey had not done: "My own opinion is that no man could possibly consent to let Junot carry off his plunder unless

he had been promised a share of it for so doing. This will be laughed at and generally scouted; but the man who could subscribe such a Convention is capable of any degree of baseness, and there are but two possible motives for his conduct—cowardice or corruption. The former, with a victorious and superior army, seems to be out of the question; and for the latter, I am afraid that they who sell their votes at home would not have much scruple at selling their country abroad." How is that for a discriminating moral estimate of your country's greatest commander? Southey was entirely ignorant of war; but his ignorance did not prevent him from writing a book. In that respect he has many faithful disciples.

Mr. W. D. Howells belongs to the class described by the genial editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* as Cheerless Persons. The editor, in a New Year's allocution to his subscribers, begs them to read the *Atlantic* "cheerfully." Mr. Howells tells us in the *North American Review* that he has been reading Mr. Hardy's new poems "with the solid comfort which sometimes only solid gloom can bring." I fear Mr. Howells will be offended by any comparison of his temperament to a familiar character in Dickens, seeing that he is fond of stating at least once a month that Dickens amuses him no more. But his likeness to Mrs. Gummidge, that "lone lorn creetur," is none the less strong. "There is, possibly, too much unreasoned gaiety," says the American Gummidge, "in a world where death is, and youth fades, and love passes, often before death comes. Pessimism can commonly give a reason for itself, and optimism at most only the excuse that it is a fine day, or its dinner has agreed with it." Mr. Howells is fairly prosperous, and, from the accounts I have recently heard of him, is, I rejoice to say, in tolerable health. He is a very able man, and he enjoys the esteem and admiration even of those who dissent most strongly from his opinions. Why should he be a Cheerless Person? Why should he write as if he alone of all the world had discovered that youth fades, and death is inevitable? Why does not Mark Twain, best of physicians, call on him once a week, feel his pulse, and scatter his megrims with wholesome banter?

A little cheerfulness for everyday wear has nothing to do with the weather, or with the excellence of one's meals. It is the normal sanity of mankind. Mrs. Gummidge in these days is not content with her own cheerless effusions; she has taken to brooding over Tolstoy, who wants to bring the human race to an end. Tolstoy is like the gentleman in Mr. Hardy's novel who adorned the rural fences with lurid predictions of Kingdom Come in red paint. It gratified his feelings, but it was grotesquely unphilosophical. Some offshoots of General Booth's family, I understand, have deserted the Salvation Army and joined a prophet named Dowie, who says he is the reincarnation of Elijah. I dare say they find as much solid comfort in that as Mrs. Gummidge finds in her solid gloom; but it is equally remote from any healthy interest in the world, which Mr. Hardy is good enough, in his lively poems, to call our "tainted ball." The poet imagines that the Supreme Power is engaged in framing, "daily, shining spheres of flawless stuff," and is therefore surprised at the insistent appeals of the "ball" aforesaid. I have an enormous regard for Mr. Hardy, but when he lapses into this kind of twaddle he is fit only for the society of the other Mrs. Gummidge across the ocean. Methinks I hear the Comic Spirit Mr. Meredith knows so well murmuring, "Tainted ball—tainted balderdash!"

A naval correspondent of the *Times* is indignant at the slipshod diction of landlubbers when they are writing about ships. They actually use the phrase "in a ship," when they mean "on board ship," and they exasperate the naval man to such a degree that he would like to put them all in irons. Nor is it only their language about ships that offends him. When they want "a glass of bitter ale," they ask for "a glass of bitter," and the naval man shouts "Ale!" through a speaking-trumpet as though it were an imprecation. I share his sentiments without qualification. A philanthropic society, of which I am a humble member, does its best to cure a froward generation of the habit of shortening "omnibus" to "bus," and "photograph" to "photo." The members of this excellent body dine together once a quarter, and tell one another stories of their sufferings in the cause. A great impression was made at our quarterly meeting in December by a member who described how his engagement to an heiress had been broken by her perversity. He had never flinched, even in the presence of strangers, from the duty of gently correcting her speech, and she had jilted him on the miserable plea that a man who always introduced the word "photograph" into the conversation was no better than a parrot. I need scarcely say that this story ensured the election of the martyr to the office of President of the Society for the Extirpation of Vulgarisms (such is our modest designation) without a dissentient voice. "Never marry a woman who says 'photo'" is now the shibboleth of the brotherhood.

## PARLIAMENT.

King Edward opened Parliament on Jan. 16, and in accordance with the precedent established by the new reign, the Speech from the Throne was not communicated to the newspapers on the previous day. It announced several important measures, including an Education Bill, a London Water Bill, an Irish Land Bill, and a reform of procedure in the House of Commons. A very strong tribute was paid to the courage, endurance, and humanity of the troops in South Africa. The debate on the Address was signalled by an Opposition amendment, approving the vigorous prosecution of the war, but maintaining that the attitude of the Government was an obstacle to peace. This gave much umbrage to the Irish members, and Mr. Dillon moved that the passage in favour of the war should be omitted, and that the original amendment should be embellished with a denunciation of the "methods of barbarism." The House summarily disposed of this by a majority of 283 to 64, only nine Liberal members voting with the Irish. Mr. Chamberlain made an important statement to the effect that the Government took Lord Rosebery's view, and were quite willing to listen to overtures from the Boers, but would not formulate any terms of their own. He showed that the Canadian rebellion had been ended by unconditional surrender; that many of the rebels were executed, and a great many more banished to Bermuda. The Government did not propose to employ the same severity in South Africa, but they would not withdraw the proclamation which sentenced the Boer leaders to banishment after Sept. 15. Mr. Schalk Burger had said that when he and his coadjutors surrendered they would devote their lives to efforts for retrieving the independence of their country, and "no nation in its senses," said Mr. Chamberlain, "would dream of giving them the opportunity." The Government were resolved to take no action that would show doubt, weakness, and vacillation. As for the concentration camps, it was clear that they had been adopted because General Botha would not undertake not to molest the families of the surrendered burghers. Mr. Winston Churchill advised the Government to send out 30,000 fresh troops, including Indian regiments, to finish the war. Sir William Harcourt complained that no encouragement was given to the Boer leaders to make overtures, seeing that they were already sentenced to exile. Mr. Lloyd-George repudiated the amendment, and made a strong attack on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who, he said, had been captured by the Liberal Imperialists, stripped of his principles, and left naked on the veldt. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman strongly resented this attack, and contended that the amendment expressed the national wish for peace. It was defeated by a majority of 333 to 123. Many Liberals walked out before the division.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY AS EUGENE ARAM.

His eyes gazing, as it were, at some resurgent horror, his manner alternately distraught and rhapsodical, his accents varying between those of cold despair and vehement declamation—all would seem to show that Mr. Martin Harvey, could he but find a fitting frame, would present a very picturesque and a very impressive portrait of Eugene Aram. Unfortunately, such a frame is not provided by the authors of a version of Lord Lytton's well-known novel, which the young actor-manager has lately produced at the Avenue Theatre. In "After All," as their piece is called, Messrs. Freeman Wills and Frederick Langbridge have done their best to degrade an ingenious if rather sophistical romance of murder to the level of mere Adelphi melodrama. They make Aram kill Daniel Clarke to avenge a sister's wrongs. They involve the sufficiently bribed Houseman in a burglarious entry of the Squire's house. They allow Aram to obtain a verdict of acquittal in the trial scene. They nearly ruin one act by comic relief worthy of a pantomime rally. And—just to procure an ending at once sentimental and happy—they represent Ellinor as hopelessly in love with Aram, and Madeline as really attached and eventually united to Walter Lester. Players can do little with fustian stuff of this kind and its inevitably stilted rhetoric. Mr. Harvey is seen at once at his best and at his worst. He looks and suggests his man in many subtle ways, but he acts him with extravagant gestures and ranting tones. And save Miss Terry-Lewis, who makes a very sincere Madeline, the subordinate actors are not very happily placed.

"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S.

An idyllic Devonshire scene, golden harvest-fields in the distance, in the foreground villagers attired with sweet simplicity, a magnificent reception-hall illuminated by electric lamps and crowded with gorgeous Directoire costumes—such beautiful contrasted stage-pictures would almost of themselves ensure at Daly's the popularity of the new musical comedy "A Country Girl." But in his delightful production Mr. Edwardes offers something more than lovely externals, and Mr. Tanner's slight story of sentimental misunderstanding has the support of Mr. Lionel Monckton's most sparkling melodies, Adrian Ross's smartest lyrics, and a first-rate company of comedians, dancers, and singers. Mr. Hayden Coffin, rendering tastefully in naval uniform amorous and patriotic ballads; Mr. Rutland Barrington, suiting his sedate humour to a Rajah's dignity; Mr. Fred Kaye, giving a *nouveau riche* his own quaint strut and jerky speech; Miss Topsy Sinden, indulging in the most delirious of *pas seuls*—these are favourites repeating familiar performances. But Mr. Huntley Wright, as a Jack Tar with a jovial seaman's ditty, with a sprightly duet, in which the actor and Miss Ethel Irving mimic "two little chicks," and, with several funny disguises, obtains quite fresh opportunities for hearty merry-making. Miss Evie Greene, too, has a novel part and some effective chansonettes as a Devonshire lass, shrewish but handsome; while in Miss Lillian Eldée is discovered a *prima* who sings—notably the heroine's pretty cooing love-song—with exquisite ease, and quietly emphasises the daintiness and refinement of the play.



## OF KINGS' PORTRAITS.

The collection of portraits of English monarchs at the New Gallery gives us, besides earlier stragglers, an unbroken succession since the days of the Third Edward. There are some pictures that are fine works of art among them; and more that are not fine as pictures, yet have a profound interest historically. Yet in one sense the exhibition shows us Art in a mood triumphant—the artist as king-maker. For here we find ourselves taking the monarch at the artist's measure of him, and we let paint decide for us what manner of man he might be. Nay, more, Vandyke has defeated the executioner of Charles I. On those canvases he lives and holds romantic sway for ever. When we think of the power thus derived by the monarchy from art, we are met by a strange fact—that the painters who did this thing were, nearly all of them, foreigners. This most national of exhibitions, for its sitters, is the most international for its artists. These heads of the State were painted by Frenchmen, Italians, or Flemings. Personal loyalty to the reigning royal house, and that tradition of continuity which makes the monarch something much more than the man—these feelings have been formed and fostered on English soil, so far as art is concerned, by alien hands. Other peoples have brushed their own dynasties aside; but they have lent us men who, in a literal sense, have brushed our Kings and Queens into the national memory. To the New Gallery, therefore, should go all who love history—and its ironies; all who love art—and its anomalies.

From the anonymity of painting in England until the reign of Henry VII. not even the most speculative connoisseur may lift the veil. He longs to lift it in the case of the portrait of Margaret Beaufort. When a picture had got to be so good as that, one knows, by the instinct of justice, that the thing must live, and that the creator should be known. And so henceforth it is. Mabuse takes and gives immortality in these portraits of the King, the picture of his marriage with Elizabeth of York, the group of their three children. Mabuse came to England, nobody knows quite why or for how long. The drunkenness that is assigned to him by tradition had certainly done nothing to impede his eye or relax his hand when those pictures were painted—this is not the handling of a toper. He was generally in want of money; and there is the story of a momentarily replenished purse of his which is worth recalling in view of forthcoming royal processions. When he was of the household of the Marquis de Veron, the Emperor Charles V. proposed a visit to his patron, who made great preparations accordingly, and ordered all his people to wear a dress of white damask. Mabuse, saying he would make his own, obtained the stuff from the tailor, and sold it. Then, after a carouse, he made a suit out of some costless material, and painted it to match damask: so well that the Emperor picked it out as excelling the rest in its sheen and in the beauty of its embroidered flowers. The poet and the philosopher who walked one on each side of the painter in that procession had at hand, one thinks, some stuff for their imaginings.

Holbein next. After Mabuse he was due—for artists, no less than dynasties, come in due evolutionary course, creatures of the destiny that is made up of circumstance and of tradition. Holbein, when he painted Erasmus, got from his sitter, perhaps, more than he gave; he needed a sermon such as Erasmus could preach. Lord Arundel, returning from Italy through Basel, where the painter had settled, advised his coming to England. The painter procrastinated, but finally set out, taking with him a letter of introduction from Erasmus to Sir Thomas More, with whom he lived for three years at Chelsea, until he had time to take his bearings and his commissions. By that time he had forgotten the name of the English traveller. So he made a sketch, and the Lord Chancellor supplied the label. "Employed by More," says Horace Walpole, "Holbein was employed as he ought to be; this was the happy moment for his pencil; from painting the author he rose to the philosopher; and then sunk to work for the King." That is a sentence which turns saucily on the pen, especially the pen of the cynical son of a Minister who has managed a King. But nobody at the New Gallery to-day will confirm it. Quite superb is Holbein's workmanship in his cartoon of Henry VIII., made for the fresco in the Privy Chamber at Whitehall, destroyed by fire in 1698. The delicacy of a miniature in this cartoon (owned by the Duke of Devonshire) is seen carried through a colossal design; and as a piece of family history the likeness between Henry VIII. and Edward VII. is notably interesting. It is Henry VIII. as we imagine the painter to have imagined him addressing the peer who had come into Holbein's apartments in the Palace when he was painting a portrait of a lady for the King, and who, after being forcibly ejected by Holbein, reported the episode to his Majesty. "I tell you," said the King, "of seven peasants I can make seven Lords, but not one Holbein. Begone, and remember I shall look on any injury offered to the painter as offered to me." Look, and you almost hear the words.

Sir Antonio More, Lucas Cornelisz, Guiliam Stretes, Lucas de Heere, Mark Gheraeds, Zuchero, Oudry, and Cornelius Janson (catalogued at the New Gallery as Jonson)—these are the names which have entered into artistic matrimony with those of Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and James I. And then at last an English name—or a Scottish—that of George Jameson, "the Vandyke of Scotland," who was born at Aberdeen in 1586, and studied with Vandyke in Antwerp under Rubens. When he painted Charles I. in Scotland, the King was so pleased to get native talent that he took a diamond ring from his finger and gave it to the painter. Then we go on to Vandyke, to Peter Lely, to Godfrey Kneller, a man who painted ten Kings and Queens, about half of whom were ours. With Gainsborough's George III. we get an English King sitting to an English painter, a conjunction repeated, but without its delight, when George IV. stood to Sir Thomas Lawrence. Just as the last exhibited portrait of Queen Victoria was Constant's, so here, another Frenchman has the honours of velvet in the hanging—Bastien le Page, with his admirably painted little portrait of Edward VII.

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The Pilgrim's Progress. John Bunyan. Caxton Series. (Newnes. Two Vols. 3s. each.)

Judah Pyecroft, Puritan. Harry Lindsay. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

A Daughter of England. May Crommelin. (Long. 6s.)

Lady Gwendoline. Thomas Cobb. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

Les Fourberies de Scapin. J. B. Poquelin Molière. The Temple Molière. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

With the Royal Tour. E. F. Knight. (Longmans. 5s.)

China in Convulsion. Arthur H. Smith. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Two Vols. 21s.)

The Virginians. W. M. Thackeray. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

Life's Little Things. C. Lewis Hind. (Black. 3s. 6d.)

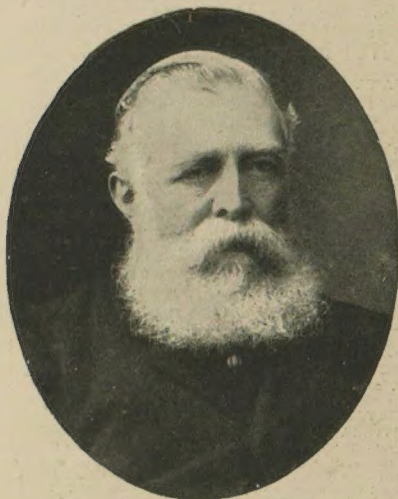


## PERSONAL.

On Jan. 22, the first anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria, a memorial service was held at the Mausoleum, Frogmore. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Winchester, who attended her Majesty during her last moments, and the Dean of Windsor. The music was given by the choir of St. George's Chapel, under Sir Walter Parratt, and included the anthem, "The face of Death is towards the sun of Life," written by Lord Tennyson, and composed by Sir Walter Parratt for the funeral of the Duke of Clarence.

The same day, being, of course, the first anniversary of the accession of King Edward VII., was signalled by a salute of forty-one guns in St. James's Park.

Lord Rookwood, whose sudden death took place in London on Jan. 15, was the first peer of his line, and he



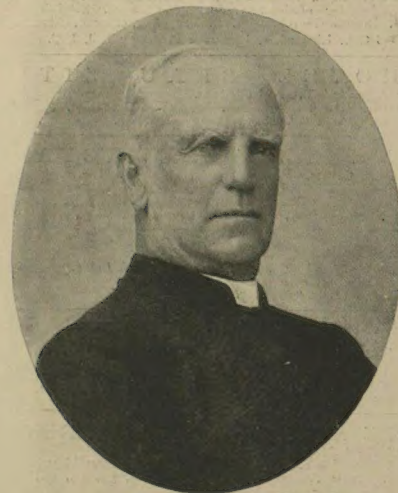
THE LATE LORD ROOKWOOD,  
Ex-Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

leaves no heir. Better known under his patronymic of Selwin-Ibbetson, he was born in 1826, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1849. After one or two unsuccessful attempts to win a seat elsewhere, he first sat in Parliament as member for South Essex in 1865. His industry and talents brought him recognition, and he became Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1874, leaving on our legal enactments the traces of his reforming zeal in matters affecting beer licensing, the block system on railways, and the making over of Epping Forest to the public. He succeeded his father in the family Baronetcy in 1869, and was made a Privy Councillor. As Financial Secretary to the Treasury, as second Church Estate Commissioner, and as one of the Boundary Commissioners, Sir H. J. Selwin-Ibbetson did excellent service; and when, in 1892, he was created Lord Rookwood, he took his title from an old manor-house on one of his properties, Rookwood Hall.

Lord Rosebery, in a speech at Edinburgh, again warned the Liberal party that it must take "a new departure." But he also paid a tribute to "old principles." How to reconcile the "old principles" with the "new departure" is still the problem of the Opposition.

The most interesting thing that has been said about Lord Rosebery for some time is the report that he is about to publish a novel. He has written it three times over with a characteristic zeal for efficiency. It ought to be a political novel, and there will be general disappointment if Mr. Labouchere does not figure in it.

The Bishop of Chichester has appointed Prebendary James Hoare Masters to the vacant Residentiary Canonry in his Cathedral.



THE REV. PREBENDARY J. H. MASTERS,  
New Canon of Chichester.

The new Canon took his M.A. degree at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and was ordained priest in 1857. His first curacy was at Limpsfield, Surrey, where he laboured for two years, and then for a like period at the Church of All Saints, Southampton. In 1861 he became Vicar of Lower Beeding, near Horsham, a charge he held for twenty years, during the last half of which he acted as Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and as Rural Dean of Lewes. In 1882 he took the Rectory of Slinfold, near Horsham, becoming Rural Dean of Storrington in the following year, and Prebendary of Chichester in 1891. Canon Masters, on taking up his stall in Chichester Cathedral, resigns his preferment at Slinfold.

Sir Bartle Frere presided at Grosvenor House at a meeting which had for its ultimate object the promotion of the study of history in South Africa, and, as a more immediate means to that end, the endowment of a professorship of history at the South African College, Cape Town. The chairman considered that the right learning of accurate history by the youth of South Africa, in the rational and not the dull sense, was of the utmost importance. Professor Fremantle, Professor of English and Philosophy at the South African College, read an influentially signed memorial which had been forwarded to the Prince of Wales, to which his Royal Highness had replied, expressing his hearty sympathy with the scheme, and announcing a contribution of £100 to the endowment fund. Mr. T. E. Fuller and Professor York Powell also spoke in support of the movement, and the chairman stated that subscriptions might be forwarded to the Standard Bank.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Hayes Sadler, Consul-General for the Somaliland Protectorate, has been

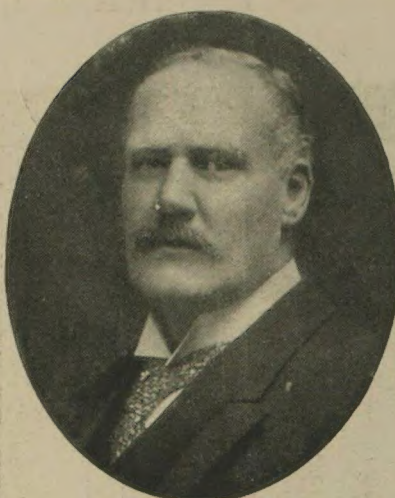


PHOTO. ELLIOTT AND FRY.  
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. SADLER,  
Appointed Commissioner in Uganda.

appointed to be Commissioner in Uganda. Born in 1861, the new Commissioner is the eldest son of Sir James Hayes Sadler, K.C.M.G., and has already had considerable experience in the military and administrative life of the East. After serving in the 61st and 40th Regiments, he joined the Indian Staff Corps, and was attached to the Political Department. He acted as Consul at Muscat during various periods between 1892 and 1896; and in the year following the last-named date he took over the Consulship of the district between Tajurrah and Ras Hafun, on the Somali Coast. His Consul-Generalship for the Somaliland Protectorate dates from 1898.

Some of the Boer commandants captured in the field are very candid. Mr. Wolmarans speaks with scorn of the exiles who are "eating and drinking of the best" in Europe. He does not seem to think much of the policy by which the spirits of the fighting Boers are kept up. Whenever "conciliatory speeches" are made in England, the reports are circulated by Botha to hearten his burghers with the idea that the British are "sick of the war."

Lady Sophia Cecil, who died on Jan. 17 at her house in Granville Place, Portman Square, had reached her ninety-third year.

Like her not distant neighbour, Lady Lyndhurst, who lately died in her nineties, Lady Sophia had a long memory, and much for it to work upon. She was the youngest and last surviving daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, who was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813, and afterwards Minister at Brussels, finally becoming Governor-General of Canada, where he died from the bite of a mad fox. As a child Lady Sophia watched the arrival of the "fair women and brave men" who attended the ball given by her father in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. She married, in 1838, Lord Thomas Cecil, son of the first Marquis of Exeter, and had been a widow for nearly thirty years.



PHOTO. RUSSELL.  
THE LATE LADY SOPHIA CECIL,  
Daughter of the Fourth Duke of Richmond.

The new South African Blue-Book throws some pleasing side-lights on the attitude of the Boer leaders towards the women and children. Smuts reports to Botha that he has carried out that commander's instructions to send the women and children into the "British lines." De Wet, hearing a rumour that Lord Kitchener proposed to break up the concentration camps, issued an order that the Boers were not to give shelter to any of the refugees.

Miss Stone is still in captivity, but apparently unharmed. Her companion has given birth to a child, so the bandits may demand fresh ransom for the infant.

Mr. Aubrey Thomas de Vere, whose delicate and scholarly verse had won him an abiding position among Irish poets, died on Jan. 20 in Limerick. Mr. De Vere was born on Jan. 10, 1814, and was the youngest son of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere.

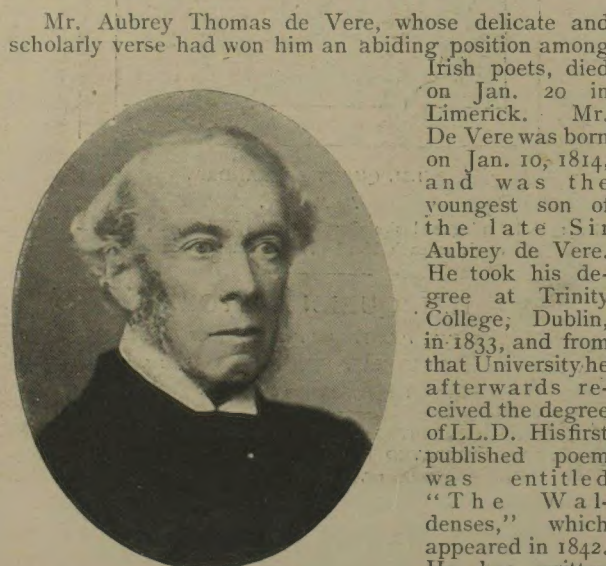


PHOTO. ELLIOTT AND FRY.  
THE LATE AUBREY DE VERE,  
Poet.

He took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1833, and from that University he afterwards received the degree of LL.D. His first published poem was entitled "The Waldenses," which appeared in 1842. He has written voluminously, and his verse has generally a deep religious tone. He was also an essayist of considerable power and charm. His prose writings were political,

ecclesiastical, and descriptive, and he also made some excursions into criticism and philosophy with his "Essays chiefly on Poetry" and his "Essays chiefly Literary and Ethical."

There is a law in Italy prohibiting the sale of works of art to foreigners. Prince Chigi, who sold a Botticelli to a foreigner, has been condemned by a tribunal at Perugia to restore the picture to his ancestral walls, or else pay 315,000 francs to the State. The object of the law is to prevent the dispersal of masterpieces of which Italy is proud by impoverished private owners.

Mr. Henry Stevens, so well known in connection with the buying and selling of antiques, is perhaps not so familiar to the public as an amateur photographer. Until Feb. 15 he is holding a delightful exhibition of his work at 66, Russell Square.

The death of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P. for the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield, which took place on Jan. 18, was the result of a chill contracted about a fortnight before.

With him in his last hours were his wife, Lady Ashmead-Bartlett, his children, and his brother, Mr. A. B. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. Descended from a Pilgrim Father, and born at Brooklyn, he was the son of a minister of religion, and came early to England for his education, which he completed at Christ Church, Oxford. He took a First Class in the Final Schools, and was President of the Union, his powers as a debater in those early days giving promise of the popularity he was afterwards to achieve on the hustings and the platforms of the Primrose League. From being a Barrister-at-Law and an Examiner of the Education Department, he passed into Parliamentary life, first as the member for Eye. In 1885, and again in a Government of later date, he held office as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and was knighted in 1892, but not reinstated in office when Lord Salisbury re-formed his Government. His later years were overclouded by financial troubles, and he had despondingly confessed to a friend during last Session that he thought his political career already neared its end.

On the night of the historic "free fight" in the House of Commons, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett stood at the table and denounced Mr. Gladstone, who sat silent and troubled on the Treasury Bench. Not a word of Sir Ellis's denunciation was audible in the tumult of the fray, but he described it afterwards in the Lobby. "I spoke to Mr. Gladstone very plainly," he said, "showing that he was responsible for the disgraceful scene. He listened with great earnestness, but indicated no disposition to reply." A sense of proportion was not one of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's gifts.

The Rev. Arthur Douglas Wagner, whose death, succeeding a long illness, took place at Brighton on Jan. 14, had a name and fame which extended far beyond the limits of his native place. Yet his influence has left its monuments of stone in Brighton, where he and his father, who was Vicar for fifty years, and other members of the Wagner family, erected Christ Church, All Saints', St. Peter's, St. Stephen's, St. Mary's, St. Mary Magdalen's, the Church of the Annunciation, and the Church of the Resurrection. Once the name of the Rev. A. D. Wagner was much bruited about in connection with extreme High Church opinions; and at the time of the murder of her brother by Constance Kent, he was accused—utterly without reason—of having improperly made public Constance Kent's confession. A letter from the murderess was produced to prove that on her own urgent request had the Home Secretary been informed of her guilt by Mr. Wagner, who, it will be remembered, accompanied her to Bow Street. Many of the old contests died away, leaving Mr. Wagner to outlive them during many years of comparative repose and peace. He had held the Incumbency of St. Paul's, Brighton, for fifty-two years.

The Head Master of Uppingham School says that his boys have formed a rifle corps, and that many of them are already expert shots. This should soothe Mr. Kipling.

Mr. Archibald Milman, C.B., Clerk of the House of Commons, has been made a K.C.B. on his retirement. Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman paid warm tributes in the House to Mr. Milman's long career.



PHOTO. W. AND A. H. FRY.  
THE LATE REV. A. D. WAGNER,  
Incumbent of St. Paul's, Brighton,  
for Fifty-two Years.



"A COUNTRY GIRL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



I. ENTRANCE OF PRINCESS MEHELANEH.

II., II. ELECTION IN A DEVONSHIRE VILLAGE.

III. BALL AT THE MINISTRY OF FINE ARTS.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

At an interval of a year less a month, London has again witnessed the pageantry which attends an opening of Parliament by the Sovereign in full State. On Jan. 16 the spectacle of last St. Valentine's Day was repeated in the streets and halls of Westminster, but on this occasion signs of mourning were almost entirely absent. Their Majesties drove to Buckingham Palace shortly before the hour for the starting of the State procession. A few minutes after the official time, which should have been one o'clock, the procession emerged into the Mall. First came six carriages, bearing the pages of honour, the gentlemen ushers, and other high officials of the Household. Then came the gorgeous State coach, within which sat the King and Queen. His Majesty wore a cloak over his Field-Marshal's uniform, and the Queen a cloak of ermine. By way of the Horse Guards, Whitehall, and Parliament Street, the procession, escorted by the Yeomen of the Guard, proceeded to the Victoria Tower of Westminster Palace. At the moment of its arrival there the Royal Standard was unfurled,

painter, Mrs. Gertrude Massey, by command of the King, and it is interesting to note that the commission was given while the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall (as they were then) were still on their long voyage. The first sittings were taken at Osborne, the work being carried on at Balmoral, and only completed on the return of the Court to Marlborough House after the visit to Scotland.

Union is quite sufficient for the needs of the district. Consequently, the present guardians are desirous of selling the new building, but the Local Government Board has not yet given its consent. One of the guardians has stated that in the event of the Board ordering that the work-house shall be furnished, and that a staff shall be found for it, the guardians will refuse, and, if necessary, bring the matter before Parliament.

## THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT BOAT IN IRELAND.

A discovery of much interest to antiquaries was recently made by a labourer engaged in cutting turf from a bog near Knock Multown, County Galway. At a depth of 8 ft. he came upon a boat hewn out of a single piece of oak, and estimated to be at least a thousand years old. Notwithstanding its age, it is singularly well preserved. In shape like a canoe, it is 50 ft. long, about 3 ft. wide, and

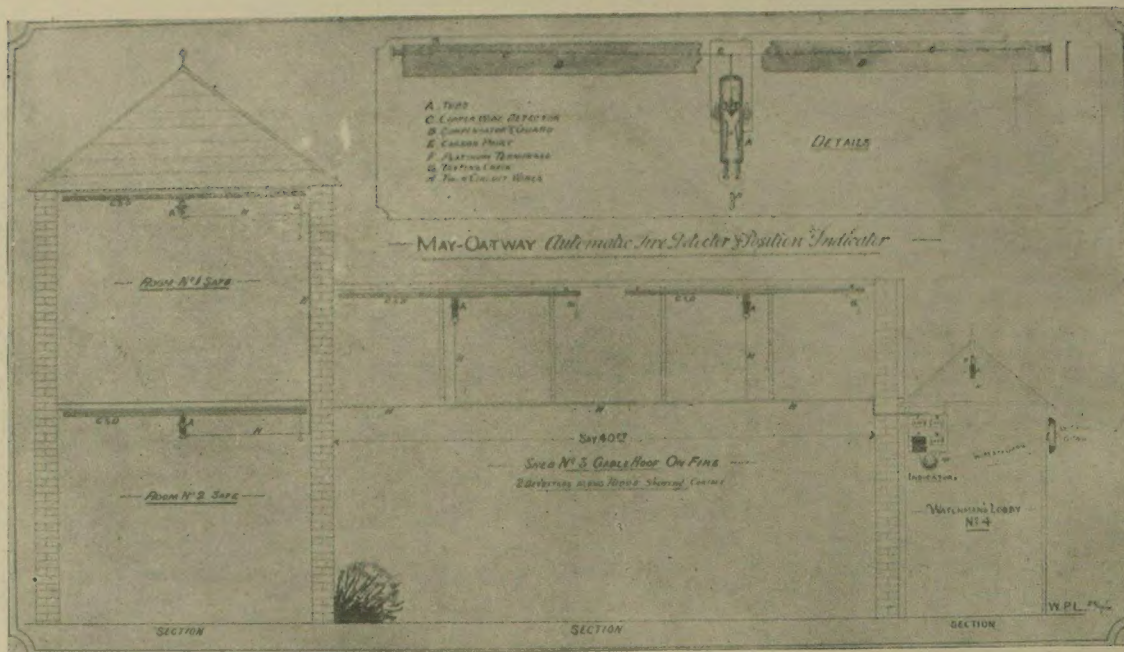
2½ ft. deep, while it weighs several tons. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., has purchased it for the Royal Irish Academy, whither it will be removed immediately.

## THE MAY-OATWAY FIRE-ALARM.

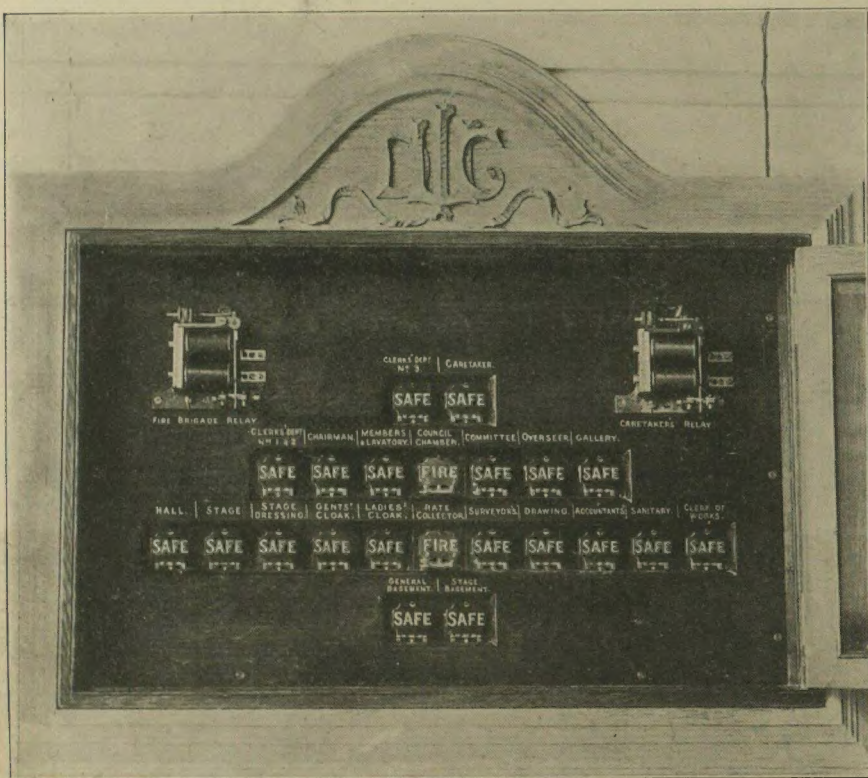
A distinguished audience, including representatives of the War Office, the Admiralty, the City Corporation, and a dozen County and District Chairmen, with their technical advisers, faced the Chairman of the Ilford District Council on Jan. 17, when the May-Oatway Automatic Fire-Alarm was tested by a committee of Brigade and insurance experts, and its objects and *modus operandi* were explained by Sir Eyre Shaw, of London Fire Brigade fame, and his managing director. The Ilford Municipal Buildings are the first in Great Britain to adopt this system of fire-protection. The fire is detected by the wire "C" (see Illustration), which, suspended at the ceiling-line, expands with any rise of temperature, and upon a dangerous rise lowers the carbon cone "E" which closes a circuit by contact with the platinum terminals "F," and causes the position, extent, and track of the fire to be shown on the indicator illustrated, and the alarm to be sounded on the premises and in the nearest fire-station. The committee, a strong and independent technical one, subjected the system to the severest test, and decided unanimously that its operation was entirely successful.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE GUARDS.

In the gloom of the early morning of Jan. 16 a thousand of the King's Guards left for the front. The Grenadiers, who, headed by their band, had marched from Wellington Barracks by way of Vauxhall Bridge and Wandsworth Road, reached Nine Elms at seven o'clock. The men of the Cold-streams, who had come



A NEW METHOD OF DETECTING FIRE: AN INSTALLATION OF THE MAY-OATWAY AUTOMATIC FIRE-ALARM AND POSITION-INDICATOR.



FIRE-INDICATOR BOARD OF THE MAY-OATWAY SYSTEM: SHOWING THE LOCALITY AND EXTENT OF THE OUTBREAK.

and at the same instant the first gun of a salute of forty-one thundered from St. James's Park. Since twelve o'clock the doors of the House of Lords had been open, and a distinguished company had been assembling. Peers, Bishops, foreign Ambassadors, and Judges, in their magnificent robes and uniforms, contributed to a scene of wonderful brilliancy; but the peeresses, who might, by the relaxation of the mourning order, have still further added to the gorgeousness of the Upper House, did not attend in very considerable numbers. The members of the royal family entered about two o'clock, the Prince and Princess of Wales taking their places on the right and left of the throne. After an interval of twenty minutes, King Edward and Queen Alexandra, having assumed their State apparel in the robing-room, appeared. Hand in hand, their Majesties advanced to the throne, the assemblage rising to greet them. His Majesty wore a wide flowing garment of crimson velvet and an ermine cloak, over which was displayed the gold collar of the Garter. The Queen's robe was also of crimson velvet, with an ermine mantle. Their Majesties having taken their places on the throne, the King beckoned to the company to be seated, and then told Black Rod to summon the Commons, for whom more ample provision had been made than on former occasions. His Majesty, still retaining his seat, then received the written copy of his speech from the Lord Chancellor kneeling, and proceeded, with a full and distinct enunciation, to read it. At the conclusion of the speech their Majesties rose, bowed to the House, and retired as they came. The procession was re-formed, and their Majesties drove back to Buckingham Palace.

## MINIATURES OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

The miniatures of the Prince of Wales's children we reproduce are those given by the King and Queen to the Prince and Princess of Wales as a Christmas present. They were painted by the well-known miniature-

from Chelsea, entered the station a quarter of an hour later, as the first train steamed away. Both sections were heartily cheered during their march from the barracks. All wore the soft felt hat which has replaced the helmet for active service.

## A COSTLY WORKHOUSE.

The Local Government Board seems so far to have influenced the gentlemen who sat as members of the Greenwich Union previous to the last election that a palatial building was erected near Sidcup to accommodate the sick and the healthy indoor poor of the Union. The building, which is said to be the most luxurious of its kind in the country, has "mosaic flooring, beautiful panelling, a dining-hall fit for royalty, and a church which any rector would envy," and has cost a quarter of a million sterling. It has been found, now that it is too late, that the old Greenwich



Photo. S. Kirk, Nottingham.

## RUINS OF SAMPSON'S LACE FACTORY, NOTTINGHAM, DESTROYED BY FIRE JAN. 13.

A curious double fire occurred at Sampson's Lace Factory, Nottingham, on Jan. 13. The first conflagration destroyed a number of costly levers and curtain-machines, and did damage to the extent of £20,000. After the brigade had left the scene the flames broke out for the second time, and the building was utterly destroyed. By the outside staircase many of the employes escaped.





I. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

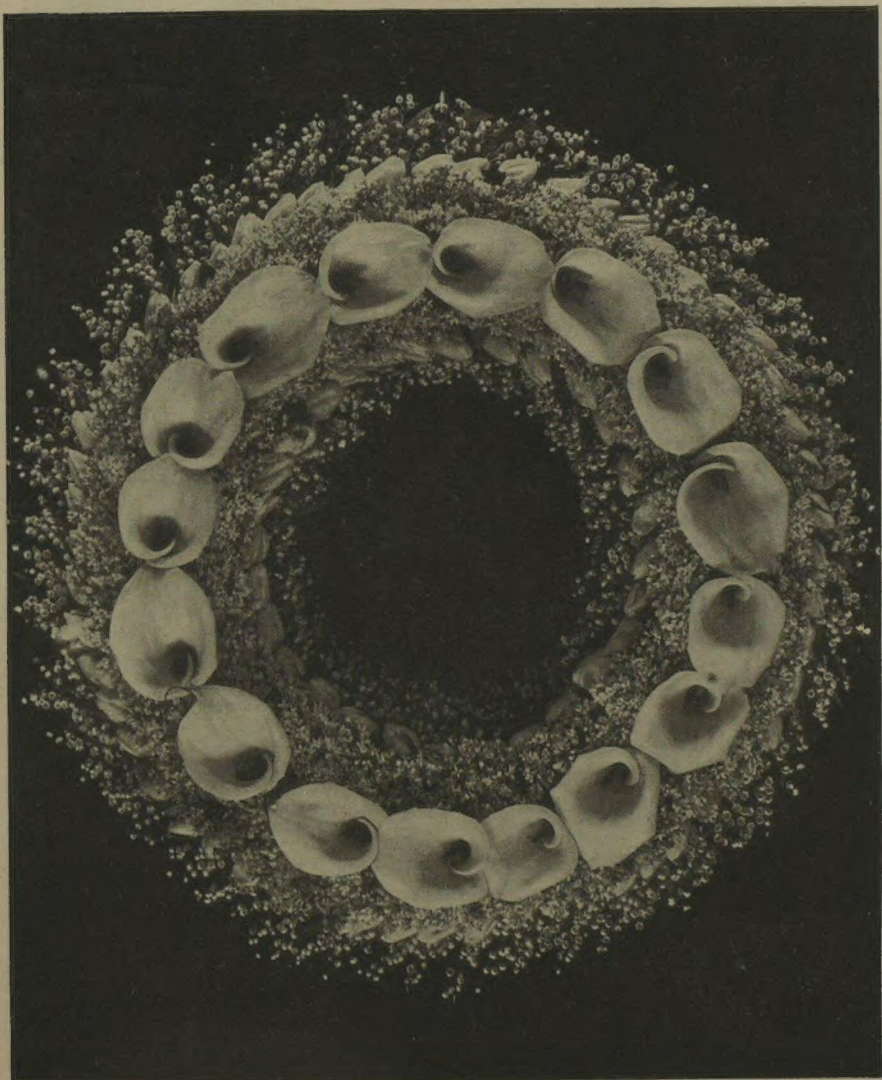
II. PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

III. PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.

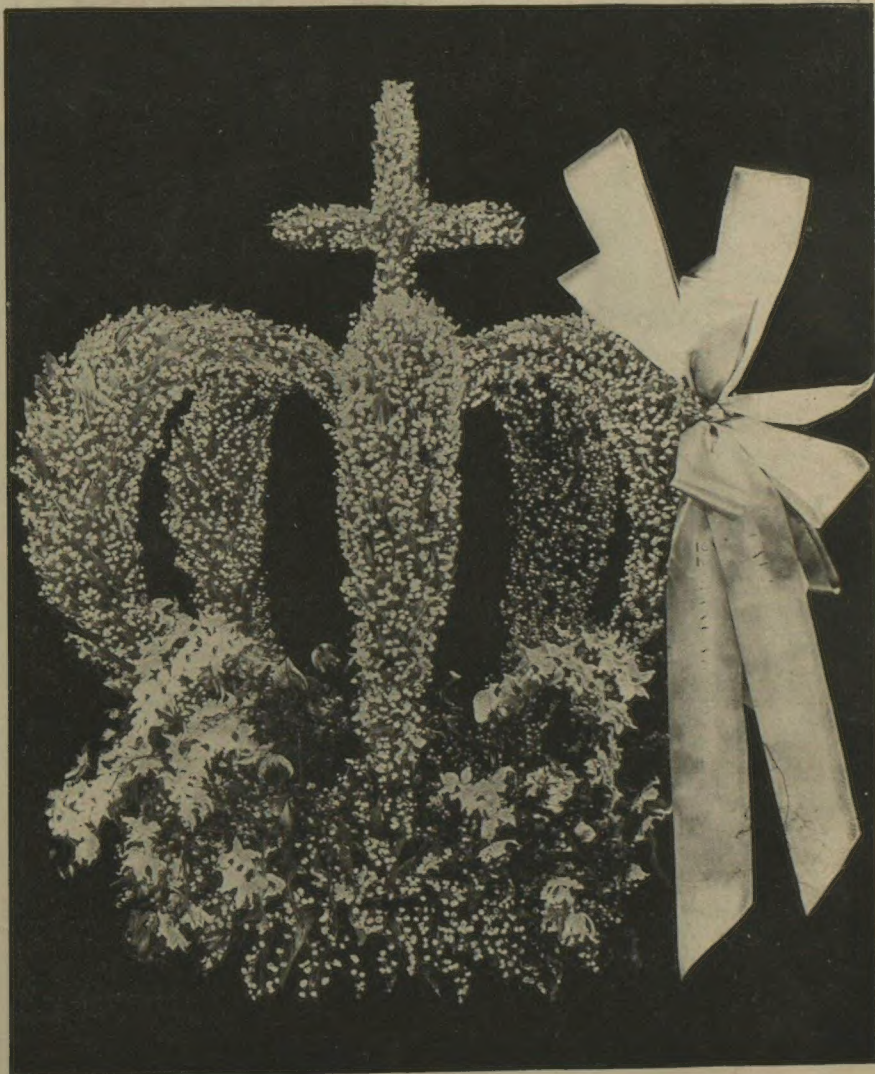
IV. PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.

THE KING'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES: MINIATURES OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES' CHILDREN.

PAINTED BY MRS. GERTRUDE MASSEY. (COPYRIGHT.)



THE 7TH (QUEEN'S OWN) HUSSARS' TRIBUTE.



THE KING OF PORTUGAL'S TRIBUTE.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEATH, JANUARY 22: FLORAL TRIBUTES.

*The Hussars sent a wreath composed of finest arum lilies, lilac, lilies-of-the-valley, and white tulips. The King of Portugal sent a large imperial crown composed entirely of finest lilies-of-the-valley and rare mauve and white orchids, tied with Portuguese colours, with inscription in silver letters, "Carlos-Amelia, Jan. 22nd, 1902."*

DESIGNED BY MR. HARRY GREEN, CRAWFORD STREET. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.)



CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. I.: KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE RECOGNITION OF ALFRED THE GREAT AS KING, A.D. 886.

*Alfred had no formal coronation, but became, by common consent, Sovereign of all England, except those parts of the North and East which were still in foreign hands.*





# Simon of York

By Max Pemberton

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

[In which are narrated some episodes in the life of a very foolish fellow, Simon Montlibet, commonly known as Simon of York, who was a student of the University of Paris in the year 1480, and thereafter, carrying little from Paris but a cracked crown and the girdle of St. Thomas, came over to the city of Oxford, which treated him very scurvily, as the histories bear witness.]

## No. III

WHEREIN WE HEAR OF THE SILVERSMITH, CARL VON DEICKSTEIN, AND OF HIS WIFE, ELIZABETH.

SIMON OF YORK, returning one day from the University schools to his house in the Rue d'Arras, chanced to fall in with a brother student, the good-natured Benedict of Saffron-Walden, by Cambridge; and they, being exiles together for the sake of learning, began to speak of England and of their kinsmen there.

"For my part," said the honest Simon, "I lose no opportunity, be it by friend or stranger, of sending tidings to my mother. So much, at least, I owe to her good care of me and the anxiety she must suffer on my behalf. Let the day come which makes a priest of me, and I will go to York, to leave her no more. You, friend Benedict, are not less zealous, I undertake to say, in those duties which affection puts upon us. It is not a distant day, I venture, since your worthy father had scrip from you?"

He put this question as one whose sanctity gave him some right to pry into other people's affairs; indeed, he had that reputation throughout the University; and while a few submitted to the inquisition with good grace, many took it but ill, and were bold enough to say so. Benedict Deaux, who walked with him that day, was neither of one way of thinking nor the other; but being a merry fellow, who loved a jest, he heard Simon patiently before answering him with grave earnestness.

"Would to God I could hear your question unmoved," said he. "To some the talents are given; others have them not. You, friend Simon, have but to stick a goose-quill behind your ear and to sling an inkhorn to your waist, and there's message for your mother to read. I have no such good fortune. Put a quarterstaff into my hand, and I am readier with it than any tool a graver uses. How shall I say, then, that my father has the tidings when I do not know even if the messenger I charged has crossed the seas?"

Simon heard this with much distress.

"How, then," cried he, "is it possible that your good father lacks all written news of the son he has reared with such affection? I am ashamed of you, Benedict. This is a forgetfulness you shall repair this very day. Come with me to my chamber, and my skill is at your service. Nay, I will hear of nothing else; you shall come this instant."

He plucked the youth by the arm and led him toward the Rue d'Arras. Always at the disposal of the worthless, if some charitable deed were to be done thereby, Simon learned nothing from the merry face of his companion; nor did he so much as suspect a trick was being played upon him by one who cared naught for his charity but much for the jest. Sufficient for him that he should be the means of sending to a father good news of the son he loved; and in this spirit he hurried to his home and prepared materials for the letter that must be written.

"You will have many things to write of, friend Benedict," said he; "but first you should let your father know how you do and in what condition you are lodged in this strange city. This, I remember, is the feast of St. Dunstan, being the nineteenth day of May. When we have written as much at the head of our page, we will go on to speak of your lodging at the silversmith's and of your bodily health, which, I do not doubt, is of great concern to those you have left."

Benedict nodded his head as one who was very grateful for such help as this learned fellow could give him.

"Tell my father that I am well," said he; "yet, for charity's sake, make no mention of the silversmith, or the truth must out and my honour be sullied. Say that I do well in the lodging of a very worthy man, and that if crime be committed there I have no hand in it."

Now, these were grave words; and Simon, being, like others of an ecclesiastical turn of mind, not a little curious when the affairs of his neighbours were discussed, set down his pen instantly and stared open-mouthed at the speaker.

"What!" cried he, "a crime in the house of Von Deickstein the silversmith! You do not know what you are saying, Benedict. Leave such nonsense alone, I beg of you, and let us get on with our work. And first of your own well-being, that you have no sickness or need—"

He began to write laboriously, but had not set down many words before Benedict chimed in bravely.

"Stop, stop, Master Simon; but I have a great need, believe me, and if my father will find means to send me a hundred crowns, I shall be the better able to seek a new lodging when the time comes. What! Would you have me go forth penniless when Von Deickstein is dead! And how shall I stop in his wife's house when I know what I know, and all the flags crying shame on me? Fine advice that for a scrivener to give! You will never earn your living in the porch of Notre Dame if you do no better for your customers than that!"

Simon put down his pen for the second time, and turned sharply on his stool. If, for a moment, he had been tempted to believe that Benedict played a trick upon him, the lad's simple face and serious eyes now deceived him altogether. Terrible deeds were of daily occurrence in that wicked city of Paris. Simon said to himself that he would soon learn the truth.

"Benedict," he asked very solemnly, "are you aware of that which you are saying?"

Benedict rested his chin upon his hand, and stared out of the window, as one whose thoughts were far away.

"Aware of it? Ay, if Von Deickstein knew as much! But of what are you talking, Simon?"

"Of the crime that is about to be committed in the silversmith's house."

"You astonish me; did I say a crime?"

"You said a crime. You were not in earnest, Benedict?"

Benedict shook his head, but would not face his interrogator. He seemed to be as one uttering his thoughts aloud.

"If they kill him in the darkness—but, then, he may be warned. His wife has suffered much through his jealousy. It would be natural. There is a limit; and strange things are done. God deliver me from a wicked woman!"

Simon said "Amen!" to this so loudly that Benedict started up from his reverie.

"Is it possible," he went on, "that I have been speaking my thoughts aloud? What did I say, Simon?"

"You prayed to be delivered from a wicked woman. That is a good prayer, Benedict. And you went on to suggest—"

"Oh, come, come, Simon; I suggest nothing! If my honour forbids me to speak, whose fault is that? A promise is a promise. You are about to become a priest, and will not betray the confidence. Nevertheless, if some friend could be found who would go to Von Deickstein and say, 'Beware the eve of Corpus Christi,' that would be a good deed. Let me make mention, also, of the three men who are to stand under his window."

Simon pricked up his big ears until he had the appearance of a rabbit. There was not a more credulous man in all Paris.

"Benedict," he cried, "God forbid that this be true!"

It was Benedict's turn now to say "Amen!"

"If a woman is cozened by a dainty rogue in green and silver, what then, Simon?" he asked. "There are three under his window, and the feast is Corpus Christi. I should say that it would be at midnight; and yet, for the sake of the promise, I can say nothing. Tell me now, since you are a philosopher, what an honest man is to do?"

Simon rose in anger that would have been majestic if it had not been so angular.

"What does an honest man do?" cried he. "Why, he tells his friends; he warns them, Benedict. Even if his warning is mistaken, he does well to utter it. Come, we will write to your good father on some other occasion. It is my duty now to accompany you to your house."

He snatched up his cap and shabby cloak, and began to prepare himself for walking.

Benedict, in his turn, seeing that there was neither meat nor drink in the apartment, excused himself with some adroitness.

"I would gladly go with you, Simon," said he; "but my road lies to the chamber of Robert of Lincoln, with whom I take meat this day. Let it be to-morrow or the day after; we have time yet. And since I must hold my tongue, you would perhaps do better to go alone. Be careful what

you do, and have no truck with the woman. She has a heavy hand and a shrew's temper. A word to the man may save his life—who knows? Do not risk your own, however, I beg of you."

Simon scarce heard this wise advice. His blood boiled at the thought of the infamy about to be committed. The light-headed Benedict, he argued, knew of this conspiracy, but had promised to guard the secret. He, Simon, would soon set the matter straight.

"What!" he said to himself. "A woman who hires three assassins to wait for her husband on the eve of Corpus Christi? We will see about that. If there's any justice left in Paris—but I must act with discretion. This may be but an evil report. I will go to her and let it be plainly seen that all is discovered. If, after that, she persists, she will be a monster indeed!"

He quitted the house upon this ardent purpose, and, caring little whether Benedict accompanied him or not, he turned his steps through the maze of narrow streets which lay between the Rue d'Arras and the Pont St. Michel. Von Deickstein the silversmith was the possessor of a handsome house in the Rue Virgo, and, being a wealthy man, he boasted also of a little garden and a lawn set about with flowering acacias. It was at the door of this house that Simon now knocked timidly; and, being lucky enough to find Elizabeth, the silversmith's wife, at home, he broached the subject without any delay.

"Madame," he said, concealing very carefully the suspicions he entertained, "I have come here to ask you what you intend to do on the Feast of Corpus Christi."

Now, it happened that, although this good woman had suffered much by reason of Von Deickstein's jealousy, nevertheless, she nursed a considerable affection for him; and the Feast of Corpus Christi being also his birthday, she had prepared a little surprise for so auspicious an occasion. Not only were neighbours to feast with them on the day itself, but she had invited Oliver the fiddler, Rolando the harpist, and Seketh, that played upon his lute, to come to their house upon the eve; and there, at midnight, to serenade him with sweet music. This surprise she had kept a great secret, and, saving herself and her servants, none but the merry Benedict, and he by accident, had any knowledge of her purpose. Imagine, then, her indignation when this angular, red-haired Simon blurted out the very news upon her own doorstep, where all the world might hear it.

"You ask what I intend to do on the Feast of Corpus Christi!" she cried with all her lungs. "Why, such is my intention, fellow!"

And upon that she caught Simon such a clout upon the ear as was heard half down the street. The next moment she slammed the door in his face, and left him to his meditations.

Simon picked up his hat from the gutter and went off ruefully.

"Now indeed," said he to himself, "do I know why the monks call women wicked. Here is this villainous wretch nursing these sinful thoughts against her worthy husband, and no sooner do I make mention of them than she boxes my ears and slams the door in my face! But I shall know how to answer that. I will seek out Von Deickstein, and when I have found him—"

Much to Simon's surprise, he had scarce uttered these words (for he was always given to loud talking, even to himself) when a hand slapped him on the shoulder and a gruff voice spake in his ear—

"When you have found Von Deickstein—if that be your quest, go no farther, my friend, for here is the man you seek!"

Simon turned upon his heel, and found himself face to face with a burly, crimson-jowled man, whose body spoke of good meats and whose face of wines not less excellent. Dressed well, but plainly, in the fashion of the time, he wore a black cape trimmed with fur, and doublet and breeches of plain black cloth beneath it. A heavy chain of silver about his neck was the only token of his occupation. Nor was he armed; but went as a good liver, who feared nothing of the world. To such a man Simon felt that he could speak with some confidence; and yet, as before, he feared to speak openly.



"Sir," said he, "this is indeed a lucky meeting. I am but just come from your house, where your wife has given me but a scurvy reception. You, perhaps, will not be surprised at that, seeing what news I bear."

The silversmith was much astonished at this unexpected confession, and taking Simon apart into an alley at the corner of the street, he asked him to be plainer.

"You say that my wife has treated you scurvily—well, that is not her custom when men are about. Certainly, I see that you are not a very prepossessing fellow, but that is neither here nor there. You have news for me, you say?"

It was a plain question; but now that Simon found himself face to face with the silversmith, he began to see how difficult a task he had undertaken.

"Sir," he said, "my news is for you, and no other. Let me first put a question to you. Who is there amongst your friends who wears a suit of green and silver?"

This question, put to the jealous Von Deickstein, was like a lighted flambeau to a bundle of straw. No sooner did he hear the words than he fell to racking his brain to try and remember the name of anyone that wore a suit of green and silver. And the fiddler, Oliver, being unknown to him, his mind was racked with a doubt which he could by no means satisfy.

"A suit of green and silver!" cried he. "That would be one of the young lords from the palace, then! Who is there amongst folk such as we who wears a suit of green and silver? By all the devils, young man, but you shall speak out in this matter! Come, a suit of green and silver—who wears it, now?"

Simon, a little afraid of the result of his boldness, began to hesitate when he observed the silversmith's agitation.

"Sir," said he, "if I knew the name, I would not keep it from you an instant. All this has come to me in a manner I may not disclose. You are an honest man, yet if I were you, I would search among your friends for him I speak of. And if upon the eve of Corpus Christi there should be three beneath your window, then, Sir, have a care, for God's sake, or murder will be done."

Now Von Deickstein the silversmith turned white and red by turns when he heard of this dastardly mischief.

"What!" he roared; "three beneath my window—the eve of the Feast—God's body, young man, but you speak of murder!"

"Indeed," said Simon, with great earnestness, "I fear it is that!"

"And," the silversmith went on, "and if murder be done—But why, in the Virgin's name, should they wish to murder me?"

Simon lifted a finger warningly.

"Ay," said he, "if a woman could tell you that."

The silversmith leaned against the door of his house and wiped away the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"Three beneath my window," he muttered, "a suit of green and silver—the eve of the Feast of Corpus Christi! Oh, infamous villainy! Are you sure of this, young man? Do you speak advisedly?"

"Sir," said Simon, "I speak by the lips of one who is in your wife's confidence."

"Ha! then he shall be in mine before the month be done! Say nothing of this to any man, I beg of you! I would not be shamed before the city. I have long suspected some such wickedness as this, and am not surprised. But I shall meet it as a brave man; I shall not be afraid, young Sir."

He went on to cross-question Simon, and to ask him

a hundred things. Where did his informant live? Was he sure that three men were named? The suit of green and silver would be one of Madame's lovers, no doubt. The silversmith swore to cut him in five pieces. It would be at midnight, on the eve of Corpus Christi! Von Deickstein repeated the date many times, as though to make sure of it. He was white with anger when, at last, he left Simon and returned to his own house.

The days lying between the Feast of St. Dunstan and that of Corpus Christi were very unhappy days at the house of Von Deickstein, the silversmith. The neighbours said that such quarrels were really intolerable. As for the silversmith, he had lost his head entirely. Day and night they heard him raving. The burden of his complaint was ever the same: "A suit of green and

not only these, but a fine Damascus blade, which he had lately purchased at the house of Roleo the armourer.

"A suit of green and silver," the angry man repeated. "We will find out what is in that—I and my workmen."

There were five apprentices and assistants in the shop, and Von Deickstein kept them there upon the eve of Corpus Christi, finding this excuse and that for such detention. Not for the world would he have remained alone at such an hour; and even as it was, his knees would tremble and his heart quake when he thought of the dastardly errand upon which the unknown were coming to his house. Men, he said, died every night in Paris at the hands of the bravo and the assassin. And the woman, who knew of this infamy—what an actress she was! How that very night she had simulated great affection for him, reminding him that to-morrow was his fête!

"Cursed sex,"

Von Deickstein said, "that can caress with one hand and stab with the other! But justice shall be done this night—justice shall be done and the guilty perish!"

His thoughts, indeed, were entirely morbid. To-morrow, if he lay dead in the garden, Elizabeth, he reflected, would go off with the suit of green and silver, and mock his grave. There were beads of perspiration on Von Deickstein's brow when he muttered the words: "His grave!" And, but for the good young man sent by God to warn him, he would certainly have perished. Von Deickstein handled his sword clumsily, and waved it angrily in the air. It seemed to him that it was already cutting through the cloth of green and silver and burying itself deeply in some villain's body.

The night was dark and moonless, with a gentle breeze whispering beneath the crazy eaves. When Von Deickstein looked from the window of his workshop he could barely discern the outline of his own house or the gables of the older houses beyond it. An unlucky night, he said, which surely favoured such a plot as they had contrived against him. The men would come by the garden-gate, he thought, and perhaps would tap upon the window to bring him from the house. And in this suspicion his wife's anxiety confirmed him. From time to time, as the hours passed, the good Elizabeth came to the door to ask—

"Where are you, Carl—what keeps you so late?"

He answered her again that the Vicar's chalice

must be finished without delay; and, sending her back to bed, became confirmed in his belief of her guilt.

"She is anxious to see me die," he said tearfully; "the suit of green and silver is waiting for her; she is a very wicked woman; but we shall see—we shall see."

Between fear and rage his state was now pitiful. The apprentices began to think that their master had gone mad. Whoever knew a sane silversmith who asked his workpeople if they heard footsteps in the garden! And this was the oddest part of it—that the poor man's madness seemed to have method in it. Astonished to confess it, the apprentices admitted at last that someone lurked about Von Deickstein's door. And the hour was midnight—just the hour for ghostly sounds.

Von Deickstein grasped his sword, and turned to the anxious men about him.

"My friends," said he, "you have been good servants to me, and you will not desert me this night. The footsteps that you hear are those of strangers who have come here with no honest intention. I have not done any man an



"Benedict, are you aware of that which you are saying?"

silver!" The poor woman, his wife Elizabeth, was driven almost to her grave by these angry innuendoes. There had been a time when Von Deickstein feared her and quailed at her glance; but he was grown bold now, and Elizabeth no longer dared to box his ears. She, poor woman, knew no more than the dead what her husband raved about. Sometimes she thought that it was but a passing whim; at others she said, "Some busybody has been crying a scandal." There had always been a suit of green and silver in her life. By-and-by, she said, after the birthday feast, Von Deickstein would forget and they would live in peace together. How she longed for that hour!

Now, the eve of the feast came at last, and, much to Elizabeth's surprise, her husband announced his intention of remaining until a late hour in the workshop by the garden. His excuse was that he had to finish a chalice he was graving for the Cardinal's Vicar. "And," said he, "to-morrow I must keep holiday." Little did the good woman know the torturing thoughts, the racking jealousies which he carried to that lonely workshop—and



injury, as you know, and I am determined to defend my honour. Follow me into the garden, I beg of you, and let us see what this noise means."

It is to be imagined with what surprise the honest workmen heard of this murderous intention. Being good fellows, and much attached to their master, they made no bones about it, but snatching up, one a hammer and one an axe, this one a chisel and that a knife, they ran all together into the garden and fell upon the intruders. No longer now was there any doubt about Von Deickstein's sanity. They could see for themselves the three figures lurking in the darkness beneath the great horse-chestnut tree on the western side of the house. If their courage began to ebb a little, their master set them a splendid example. Von Deickstein was a very picture of just and righteous anger. Though his hand shook, and the sweat stood upon his forehead, a jealous man's rage carried him like a bull to the charge; and rushing out of the house, with sword brandished and fierce cries for help, he fell upon one of the intruders, and dealt him such a blow as would, well directed, have slain three men.

"Assassin, assassin!" he cried all the while.

Judge of his astonishment when a gentle voice answered him—

"Sir, for the love of God, forbear—you have thrust my fiddle through the bridge!"

the justices!" "Here's a pretty example for all of us!" "This fat German takes our money and kills our fiddlers!" "To the pillory with him!" "No—no, to the Conciergerie!"

All together, their numbers being greatly augmented, they began to cry, "To the Conciergerie!" There was no cry more dreaded to be heard in all Paris. Even the woman, Elizabeth, at her window, appealed to them for God's sake to listen to her. Von Deickstein himself, in spite of his fat, went down upon his knees and implored mercy for the love of heaven! But those who dealt with him were honest men justly enraged. Pressing about him joyously, Robert of Lincoln and William of Paisley and the merry Benedict before the others, they hoisted him upon their shoulders, and chanting their catch, "Nous verrons Marmelot," they set off, a riotous throng, toward the Pont St. Michel and the prison.

Von Deickstein the silversmith was almost dead to the world when the students hurried him to the cells. He was conscious of threatening faces peering into his own, of lanterns raised up that his tormentors might gaze upon him, of a terrible hubbub and din, and of the tramp as of an army marching. The way, he knew, lay to the Conciergerie, the most dreaded of the prisons of Paris. There not only a cell might be found, but the "question"

fellow to the heart. The incident of the broken fiddle was quite obliterated from his wandering mind.

"And, Heaven," said he, "what a thing is this! Here am I, an honest man, doing injury to no one, hurled into this fearful place because I have wished to save my wife from a suit of green and silver! And now they will put me to the question. This machine above me is an instrument of torture; I have no doubt of it. That long arm, I can see, will crush my bones presently. Oh, God, help me!" was his fervent prayer.

Now, it was odd that when the good man thus raised his hands in supplication to heaven, what should happen but that the arm of the terrible machine suddenly beat down upon him, and in an instant a great shower of water fell upon his head and soaked him to the very skin. Von Deickstein had heard of the question by water, and the fear that struck him chilled him to the very soul.

"Oh, my patron," cried he, "not this, not this!" And turning, he tried to distinguish the masked face of the sworn torturer; but another shower fell upon his dripping face, and writhing, shrieking, now beating off the iron handle, now pulling it down upon him, he became anon like a drowned rat, and sank, spluttering and exhausted, to the pavement.

It was curious, we say, that as soon as the worthy Von Deickstein lay still, so soon did the flood of water cease;



*He fell upon one of the intruders.*

Von Deickstein stood quite still, and let the sword tumble from his hands.

"What!" cried he; "you are a fiddler, then!"

"No other, Sir," said the unknown, "but Oliver the fiddler, who has come this night at your wife's request to celebrate your birthday!"

"And a nice reception we have got!" chimed in a second voice; "here's three of my harp-strings broken and my lantern shivered!"

"And I with a bump on the head as big as an Easter egg!" cried a third voice.

"A pretty outrage this upon honest men that come to make your music!"

Now, it is to be feared that Von Deickstein's workmen, taking in the situation at a glance, laughed very much when they understood the truth. From the house itself Madame Elizabeth was heard shouting—

"Oh, you monster, to kill a poor fiddler! Oh, you scurvy wretch—you deserve to go before the justices!"

And very surprising to be said, other cries from over the wall were heard; and presently by twos and threes a number of students began to gather in the garden and to exclaim upon the outrage.

"What!" cries one, "he orders a fiddler to his house and then thrusts him with his sword! This is a case for justice, surely! Have we so much music in the University that this German cuts our fiddlers' throats with impunity!" "No," says another, "but he is only drunk!" "Drunk or sober," cries a third, "he shall answer to

which the sworn torturer would put to him. His very heart shivered when he contemplated this possibility. There was no state of fear or foreboding he did not pass through while the crowd hurried him on, past the Petit Châtelet, over the bridge, to the city and the prison. When, at last, they set him down and began to manacle his wrists, he cried out like a stricken bull. The tall figure at his side must be that of the torturer, he thought. He closed his eyes shudderingly and waited for the end.

He believed that they had put him in a cell, and that the heavy chain about his wrists was a fetter binding him to the stone-cold floor. When he opened his eyes again, however, he discovered that he was alone, and that the chain which bound him was attached also to some great machine of iron, the outline of which he could scarce distinguish, so heavy were the shadows. Fresh air blowing upon his face and a glimpse of the sky above told him that his prison was some open courtyard, and that he was chained to the wall there as a felon to the galley. Such a punishment seemed to him as unusual as it was terrifying. It came to him that the great machine of iron to which he was attached was some unknown instrument of torture of which even the city had not heard. Strange tales were abroad then of that which prisoners suffered in the dungeons of the Conciergerie. And he, Von Deickstein the silversmith, was there upon a heinous charge! In his confusion and distress of mind he was not sure whether Oliver the fiddler had been killed or merely wounded. Sometimes he thought that he had struck the

and when, to his great amazement, he discovered this, he moved neither hand nor limb henceforth, but lay as still as a mouse through the long hours of that weary night, and, indeed, until the day dawned. But with the first quiver of light in the eastern sky he lifted his eyes wonderingly, and then he beheld the Sainte Chapelle frowning above him in the hazy sky, and, anon, the bulging gables of the Hôtel Dieu; and after that, the slender spires of St. Pierre aux Bœufs and St. Laundry, and at last the outline of Notre Dame itself and of the parvis before it. From these well-known objects he passed timidly to the terrible machine whereto he was chained, and becoming speechless for a little while, he found breath at length for a cry of amazement which might have summoned the watch.

"Holy Virgin! it is the Canon's pump!" he said.

Von Deickstein the silversmith, disengaging himself from the chain which, by an ingenious arrangement, lifted the handle of the pump, and which was but lightly wound about his wrists, went to his house with heavy step.

"A suit of green and silver," said he musingly; "why, the devil take them, the water and the green slime have put that upon my back this night. But I shall find the fellow who came to me with such a tale, and then—"

He walked on, greatly troubled. In his house in the Rue d'Arras, Simon of York, meanwhile, gave thanks to Heaven because he had saved a worthy citizen from the assassin's dagger.

(End of "Simon of York" No. 1.)



THE NEW DRAFTS OF GUARDS FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



THE GRENADIERS LEAVING WELLINGTON BARRACKS AT 6.30 A.M. ON JANUARY 16.



THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF NAVAL GUNNERY AND SEAMANSHIP AT SALINS D'HYÈRES.



Calédonien. Couronne.  
THE SCHOOL-SHIPS "COURONNE" AND "CALÉDONIEN."



GUN DRILL: "FIRE!"



A LESSON IN SEAMANSHIP: LEARNING TO "BOX THE COMPASS."



LAUNCHING TARGETS.

THE BATTERY OF 138-MILLIMÈTRE QUICK-FIRING GUNS ON BOARD THE "COURONNE."





THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF NAVAL GUNNERY: A SQUAD EXERCISING WITH THE 274-MILLIMÈTRE GUN (1870 PATTERN) ON BOARD THE "CALÉDONIEN."

*The two school-ships "Couronne" and "Calédonien" are moored for several months at a time at Salins d'Hyères, and about 1000 men together undergo practical training in gunnery and seamanship.*



THE NEW STEAM-SHIP "WARWICKSHIRE," OF THE BIBBY LINE.

The new twin-screw steamer *Warwickshire* is the latest addition to the fleet of the Bibby Line, which runs a fast fortnightly passenger service to Ceylon, Southern India, and Burma, calling *en route* at Marseilles and Egypt. This steamer, which will sail shortly on her maiden voyage outwards, is noticeable as being

the first vessel designed with the new tandem state rooms, which are already being widely introduced, having been fitted on the R.M.S. *Ophir* after her royal cruise, and are being adopted (under arrangement with the patentee) on several steamers now building on the Clyde and at Belfast, for first-class

passenger lines in the Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Australian, and New Zealand Mail Services. The *Warwickshire* has been built by Messrs. Harland and Wolff at Belfast, whose first productions were for Messrs. Bibby in 1859, since when every steamer of the line has been constructed by them.





*Photo. Scanlan.*

ANCIENT CANOE DISCOVERED IN A BOG AT KNOCK MULTOWN,  
COUNTY GALWAY.



*Photo. Scott.*

A PALACE FOR PAUPERS: THE GREENWICH UNION WORKHOUSE AT SIDCUP,  
UNINHABITED OWING TO OFFICIAL DIFFERENCES.

The Lord Mayor.



THE LORD MAYOR'S CLAIM TO STAND NEAR THE KING'S PERSON AT THE CORONATION: PRINT OF THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF JAMES II.,  
PRODUCED IN EVIDENCE BEFORE THE COURT OF CLAIMS ON JANUARY 14.



The Lord Mayor.

THE LORD MAYOR'S CLAIM TO STAND NEAR THE KING'S PERSON AT THE CORONATION: PRINT OF THE CORONATION OF JAMES II.,  
WHICH ESTABLISHED THE CONTENTION AT THE LAST SITTING OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

*The print of the Abbey ceremonial shows the Lord Mayor standing at the point indicated. He was recognised by his holding a sceptre, which only the Chief Magistrate of London might carry.  
The prints are kindly lent by Sir Joseph Dimsdale.*



# THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 16.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.





THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 16.

DRAWN BY EDWARD READ.



Captain Ames.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE GATEWAY OF THE HORSE GUARDS, EN ROUTE FOR WESTMINSTER PALACE.



LORD WICHELSTON  
(with Cap of Maintenance)

LORD LONDONDERRY  
(with Sword of State)

DUKE OF NORFOLK  
(Earl Marshal)

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE  
(with Imperial Crown)

LORD HALSBURY  
(Lord Chancellor)

LORD SALISBURY  
(Lord Privy Seal)

SIR MICHAEL BURGESS  
(Black Rod)



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 16: KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA PASSING THROUGH THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have frequently thought, of late days at least, that the topic of rest is not so adequately considered by mankind as it should be. Perhaps it is that as one gets on in years, the need for rest—nay, I will say the saving grace of rest—becomes more and more forcibly impressed upon one's mind. The little fatigues of life begin to press more heavily upon us than of yore. The things we used to be capable of doing without experiencing any weariness at all, now exact from us the inexorable tribute of vitality in the shape of need for rest. The duty of recuperation becomes much more pressing in the forties and fifties than when we had all the world before us. And so it comes about, from the sheer physical necessities of our life, that as the shadows grow long behind us, our thoughts turn more frequently, and more gratefully also, let us hope, to contemplate the beauty of rest.

Once upon a time I knew a dear old lady who was getting into her nineties, and who, nevertheless, retained a wondrous vitality, and a remarkable clear-headedness both for things past and in the matter of present-day affairs. She was unlike many very old people, who babble about the past and take no interest in the concerns of the day and hour. It seems as if their more present memory-cells had been obliterated, allowing the cells that were busied with the past of their lives to come once more to the front. My old lady, on the contrary, took a keen interest in what was happening in her own later days, and her memory was fairly good for the past as well. That which interested me deeply in her was her constant preaching of what I can best call the gospel of rest.

I doubt not this venerable dame owed her great vitality to her practice of this physiological conservatism. A day in bed occasionally would be an excellent prescription for a good many of us. Busy, overworked men and women would feel the tremendous advantage of this practice, one difficulty being that of getting the necessary time, and another, that if a busy individual did go to bed, we should very likely find him dictating letters to his clerk from the precincts of his chamber. The "rest cure," which is in vogue on the Continent, I believe, consists in isolating the patients from all semblance of work. It is a question of the *dolce far niente* all the day long. Not even is the brain allowed to exercise itself—actively, that is. I can well understand irritable, nervous systems getting well under this régime. The most onerous task would be that of persuading the patient to vegetate. For my part, I do not think I could continue to exist in such a state, unless, at least, I was supplied with some description of light literature. I could contrive to get through the lazy day with "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" or with Captain Kettle as company—something very light, so as to keep the brain-cells from rusting while resting.

The law of rest, if so I may denominate the need for repose, which forms a fixed feature of life, is illustrated all throughout the living organism. You find it dominant equally in the work of your heart and in that of your lungs, in the labour of the brain and in the toiling of the liver. There is no such thing as continuous activity in nature. Even the plants droop their leaves at the darkening, and sleep through the night with closed petals, save, indeed, your night-opening white flowers, that exhale their perfume to attract those roistering blades of the insect world, the moths. All through the day your leaf has been hard at work drinking in the carbonic acid gas that forms one of the staple items in the menu of the plant. It has been decomposing that gas into carbon and oxygen, and it has been keeping the carbon for food and liberating the oxygen to the air. This is indeed the work of a chemist, and actively in the light does each cell of the leaf discharge its duties. But in the dark this work ceases, and the tired leaf sleeps till the morning light awakes it to the labours of a new day.

The alternation of work and rest is as readily perceptible within the confines of our own economy as in the plant world. Listen to the beats of the heart. Your ear detects two sounds—one long, a first one, and a second one short and sharp. When your ear gets accustomed to the double beat, let it begin to concern itself with the intervals between the beats. You will note that the beats go in pairs, first of all. Then you will perceive that while there is a short pause between the long first sound and the short second sound, there exists a longer pause between each pair of sounds—in other words, there is a longer interval between the short second sound and the next long sound than between the two sounds themselves. The sounds are due to the working of the valves of the heart, and they may be taken to represent to us the work of the organ. The intervals between the sounds represent the heart's period of rest. If you drew a circle, and ticked off on its margin certain intervals to represent the heart's work and its rest, you would find, if you divided your circle true to nature, that the work-sections would be exactly equalled by those that indicated the rests.

Thus, to take the case of an active organ of which even Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself a physiologist, declared that "no rest this throbbing slave may ask," we see that it really obeys the great law of repose. The intervals between one breath and another mark the rests of the lungs. In sleep our active conscious centres are lulled to repose, leaving a less responsible night-shift on duty to do the dreaming and the sleep-walking. All through life runs the idea of rest, and I say we need more of it than most of us get in modern life. How peaceful a change we experience when out of the madding crowd we pass to a quiet country place, where the tides of life go slowly, almost to stagnation! It is nigh to rusting, this life, but it is rest. And when you sit in God's Acre outside the church and hear the choir practising the anthem for Sunday, you forget that other world altogether, as you listen to the clear voices proclaiming that "He giveth His beloved sleep."

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD (Brighton).—It is only when you are first we have room for such results.

N. M. GIBBINS (Brighton).—Perseverance such as yours ought to be crowned with success. We trust to find it so in the present instance.

C. A. M. (Penang).—The imperfections arise from the fact that you propose to do in three moves what the problem asks in two.

G. J. HICKS (Highbury).—Thanks for further contribution, which appears an interesting example of its class.

A. G. STUBBS.—Q takes B seems a fatal flaw in your last two-move problem. G. R. MAKEHAM. 1. Kt or B to Q 3rd, followed by 2. Q to Kt 3rd, appears to afford another solution.

M. SHAIKA ALI KHAN (Rampur).—No. 20 can be solved by 1. Q to B 6th, K to B 4th; 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch), etc. No. 21 is sound, and we hope to publish it shortly.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—The sui-mate is very fine, and we are well acquainted with it.

C. G. BARBER (Croydon).—We are much obliged, and hope to publish the game shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3007 received from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3010 from Sorrento, F. R. Pickering, John Kelly (Glasgow), and Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia).

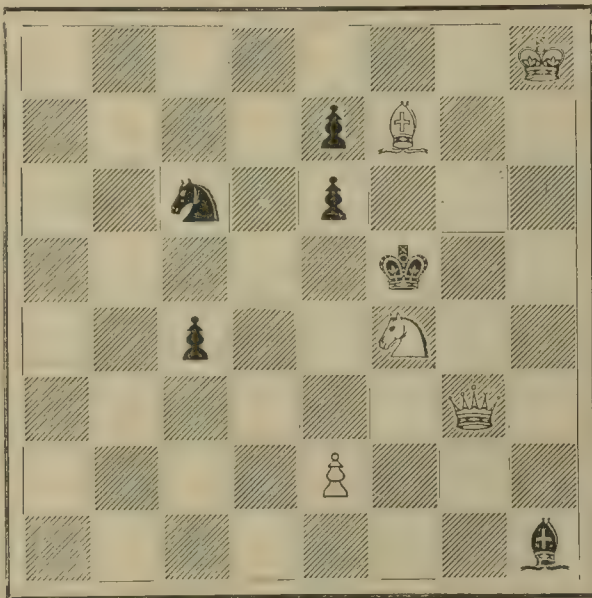
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3012 received from Albert Wolff (Putney), W. Combes (Wandsworth Common), H. S. Brandreth (San Remo), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Dr. R. Smith (Warrington), F. J. S. (Hampstead), H. Le Jeune, M. Abdul Hafeez, John Kelly, William Clugston (Belfast), Dr. Goldsmith, R. G. Woodward (Worsop), Sorrento, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), Harting, F. R. Pickering, C. B. Perugini, Clement C. Danby, Hereward, T. G. Booth (Wellington), Martin F. W. Marriott (Chislehurst), Shadforth, Oswald E. Dorey (Jersey), R. Worters (Canterbury), Alpha. Thomas H. Johnson, F. B. (Worthing), T. G. Ware, Charles Hibbert, Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), L. Desanges, Thomas M. Eglinton (Handsworth), Reginald Gordon, W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Graham Parry, C. M. A. B., Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), E. H. Johnson (Great Yarmouth), M. Hobhouse, C. A. J. Slade, Unthank, F. Watson, W. von Beverhondt, W. J. Bearne (Nunhead), T. Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), G. W. W. (Exeter), The Tid, F. W. Shaw (Northampton), F. W. Moore (Brighton), W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), Fred W. Ensor (Cardiff), Edith Corser (Reigate), F. Dalby, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Roberts, and E. S. (Holbeach).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS received from R. Worters (Canterbury), G. Stillingfleet Johnson, Martin F. J. S. (Hampstead), W. A. Barnard, W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), C. Field junior, Cedric and Leonard Owen, M. G. D., F. W. L., J. Bryden, T. D. (Liscard), Edith Corser (Reigate), Charles Burnett, F. B. (Worthing), Sinclair, Mrs. B. B. (Geneva), Albert Wolff, W. Ensor (Cardiff), Rev. C. R. Sowell, Emil Frau (Lyons), and F. Watson.

SOLUTIONS OF HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.—No. 1.—1. B to B 5th. No. 2.—1. Q to B sq. No. 3.—1. R to Q 3rd. No. 4.—1. Q to R sq (ch). No. 5.—1. Kt to B 2nd. No. 6.—1. Kt to K 3rd.

PROBLEM No. 3014.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and W. E. NATHER. (Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. R takes Kt	Kt takes B
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	23. R to R 8th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
4. Castles	B to B 4th	24. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
5. P to B 3rd	Kt takes P	25. P takes Kt	K to B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	26. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd

It is this venturesome line of play upon which the game really turns.

7. P takes B  
B to Q Kt 5th seems better. White here allows Black to get an open and free game, and to exchange Queens.

7. Q to K 2nd	P takes B	28. Kt to K sq	P to K 5th
8. R to K sq	Q to Q 6th	29. Kt to B 2nd	R to Q 3rd
9. R takes Q	Q takes Q	30. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to Kt 5th
10. Kt to Q 3rd	B to B 4th	31. R to R sq	R to R 3rd
11. Kt to Q R 3rd	Castles Q R	32. R takes R	P takes R
12. B to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	33. K to B 2nd	P to Q B 4th
13. K Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 6th	34. Kt to K 6th	P to Kt 4th
14. K R to K sq	Kt to Q R 4th	35. K to K sq	B to B 7th
15. B to Kt 5th	R to Q 4th	36. Kt to B 7th	B takes P
16. P to Kt 4th	P takes P (en pas.)	37. Kt takes P (ch)	K takes P
17. P takes P	P to K R 3rd	38. K to Q 2nd	B to R 5th
18. B to K 3rd		39. Kt to B 7th	B to Q 2nd

B takes Kt appears dangerous for White; but it seemed a necessary capture.

18. P to Q B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th	40. Kt to Q 5th	P to B 6th
19. P to Q B 4th	Q R to Q sq	41. Kt to Q 5th	P to K 7th
20. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q B 3rd	42. Kt to Q 5th	P takes P

White resigns.

## CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played between Messrs. TERESCHENKO and B. SCHAWROFF. (Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to K 5th	P takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	15. P takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
3. B to B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	16. P to Kt 4th	

The variation is worth noting as a possible alternative to the universally played P to Q 4th, 4. B takes P, etc.

4. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	16. P to Kt 4th	
5. Castles		17. B to Q 5th	Q Kt takes K P
6. P to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	18. B to Kt 2nd	P to Q B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	19. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
8. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	20. Kt to Q 2nd	Castles K R
9. Kt to R 4th	P to Kt 5th	21. Q R to K sq	B takes P

A piece has to be surrendered, and a better continuation would be 9. B takes P, P takes Kt; 10. Q takes P, etc.

9. Kt takes P	P to B 6th	21. Q R to K sq	Q takes P
10. Q takes P	P takes Kt	22. R to K 4th	Q to B 4th
11. Q takes P	Kt to B 3rd	23. B to K 3rd	Q to K R 4th
12. B to B 4th	B to Kt 5th	24. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt
13. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd	25. Q takes B	B takes P

White resigns.

26. B to B 3rd

27. R to B 2nd

28. B to K 2nd

White resigns.

## A BUNDLE OF BOOKS.

If the present generation of novel-readers are not good geographers, it must be because they make astonishingly poor use of their opportunities. Here on our table is a bundle of eleven books. The only one of them not a novel is a little volume on "Dutch Life in Town and Country" (George Newnes), into which the author, Mr. P. M. Hough, has gathered more interesting, and we must add more accurate, information regarding the Netherlands of the present day than we could have imagined possible by anyone not a native of that country. Of the remaining ten books in our bundle—novels all, and chosen with an editorial discrimination which, however, made no account of their geographical scope—six at least are scarce less deliberately instructive than this Dutch book about the wide-flung countries or country-sides into which they carry us. In her collection of Indian stories, "Love and Life Behind the Purdah" (Freemantle), Miss Cornelia Sorabji's intention is to exhibit to us the characters and virtues of her countrywomen, which she does with an intimate and sympathetic skill. "Remote and mountain-barred Donegal," not much less familiar, possibly, to the majority of English readers than the Glengarry forests or the Kentucky hills, is the setting, and counts for a great deal, in Mr. Seumas MacManus's racy tales in "Through the Turf Smoke" (T. Fisher Unwin). Miss Rosaline Masson, again, experiments successfully with a graceful and touching love-story, grafted on much interesting and detailed description of her city of Edinburgh ("In Our Town": Hodder and Stoughton). And still more illustrative of our proposition are two stories of life in different parts of the American Continent, which we will notice at greater length.

The first is "The Wilderness Road" (Lawrence and Bullen), by Mr. Joseph A. Altshuler, who, we imagine, must have written already the story of John Lee's earlier adventures with the Continental army. Whether it is a sequel or not, "The Wilderness Road" loses nothing standing by itself. It is a stirring and well-written romance of Indian warfare in the days immediately following the Revolutionary struggle. Kentucky was not yet a State; Cincinnati—from where a hundred years later the up-to-date Miss Cora Brooke (in "The Making of a Marchioness") came from—was only a hamlet on the edge of the wilderness; and over the North hung the terrible cloud of that cruel terror against which the Border men had to make a lone fight. At last, however, with the opening of Mr. Altshuler's story, the Union is able to send an army to their assistance. We follow St. Clair to his defeat, and Wayne to subsequent victory, in the wilderness fight; and with not less suspense the thrilling adventures in that campaign of John Lee and the courageous heroine, Rose Carew.

Taking up Mr. Ralph Connor's "The Man from Glengarry" (Hodder and Stoughton) we pass from the Kentucky border to the lumber regions of Western Canada. The Glengarry country runs back from the St. Lawrence through lands which were once an Indian reservation, and was settled by men from the Highlands of Scotland who were driven from their homes there by the clearances in the early part of last century. The lives of their sons—Big Mack Cameron, Dannie Ross, Finlay Campbell, Donald and Black Hugh Macdonald, and all the others—in the shanties in the early 'fifties are described in Mr. Connor's story with astonishing vigour. Born and reared in the pine-forests, these pioneers of Empire in that region farmed the reclaimed lands in spring and summer, and in winter sought the forest and handled the "square timber." It is astounding that a writer who can feel and describe the actualities of that condition of life with such marked sincerity and skill should associate with them some of the most nauseating elements of the Kailyard, and exhibit all the immaturities surrounding the character of De Lacy.

If we consider our bundle of novels as typical, and generalise from them, we will conclude that those stories are not the best, or not, at least, the most expert, in which the elements of local conditions preponderate. Take Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "The Making of a Marchioness" (Smith, Elder). Of our batch it is easily first for fluent, cunning, workmanlike telling of a story; and it is the least dependent on special conditions of time and place. Not that the novel is more than moderately entertaining. Captain Osborn is not a particularly exciting rogue, and were it not for Lady Maria Bayne, the heroine, Miss Emily Fox-Seton (most skilfully conceived) would be the only vital character in the book. "The Making of a Marchioness" would never create a reputation; but we can scarce imagine it produced by a novelist without one. Its expertness is of the kind that comes with successful practice. Yet that it can be attained in considerable measure by a new writer is proved by Mr. William J. Locke, in what we take to be a first book, "The Usurper" (John Lane). Mr. Locke, however, has more of the root of the matter in him evidently than he permits to discover itself in this novel; and it is perhaps against too great facility, too little fastidiousness (not in the writing, but in the handling of his material), that he has to be warned if he is to take the place in fiction which he seems capable of filling. It is to do Mrs. Hugh Bell no injustice, we imagine, to say that in "The Arbiter" (Arnold) she fully realises the purpose she has aimed at. "The Arbiter" is light to read (it is also delightfully light to handle), and may be commended to those who wish to while away an idle hour pleasantly, with a gentle stimulus to the curiosity, and without any tax on the mental or emotional energies. To the same end, doubtless, Mr. H. A. Hinkson designed "The Point of Honour" (Lawrence and Bullen); to the same end it attains.

One book of our bundle remains—Mr. Bernard Capes' "Love Like a Gipsy" (Constable); and we have kept the best for the *bonne bouche*. Tortured in style, violent in the employment of figure—and therein like all Mr. Capes' work, and not differing from a great deal of it in being unpleasant, and more—"Love Like a Gipsy" is, after all, the only one of the novels with which we have thus arbitrarily sorted it that has any pretensions to literary distinction.



## DIAMOND-MINING AT KIMBERLEY.

The settlement of South Africa after the War is a problem upon which politicians and economists hold widely divergent views; but there is a general agreement that the first essential in the pacification of the country is the restarting of its productive industries. In the Witwatersrand the gold-mines in rapid succession are resuming crushing, and already the monthly output is mounting to respectable figures. At Kimberley, the centre of the diamond industry, gradual progress was

troops, and guns were mounted which kept up an intermittent exchange with the Boers at Kamfersdam. One of our Illustrations reproduces a photograph taken by the mine manager during the siege, showing a party of the defenders of Kimberley at work upon the tailings heap of Otto's Kopje. The remarkable point was that when, on Feb. 16, 1900, General French and the Flying Column raised the siege, the machinery and buildings, despite their frequent shelling, were found to have sustained comparatively little damage. The actual amount received by the company on the award of the War Compensation Commission was only £1144.

The active resumption of mining was necessarily delayed for some months after the close of the siege, but at Otto's Kopje washing operations were carried on intermittently from the beginning of August 1900 until the middle of June 1901, when they were suspended pending the completion of the equipment of the new aerial gear. The mine has been a regular producer of first-class diamonds for many years past. A name that is still preserved among its landmarks is that of a prospector named O'Leary, whose years ago sank a shaft down to a depth of 800 ft. He and his friends, however, were short of capital, and when a fire occurred at the De Beers mine, and a public order was made that no mines should be worked in the Kimberley district that had not at least two shafts, he was obliged to yield to superior force and abandon the deep workings. The mine is now worked in the open like a quarry. Workings at present have been carried down to

November 1901 no less than 6647 carats of diamonds, which realised £16,274. At the recent general meeting, held in London, Mr. Walter Newman, the chairman of the company, stated that the average price obtained for Otto's Kopje diamonds during the year ended June 1901 was 49s. 10d. per carat, ranging from 12s. 6d. to 23s. 3d. for the poorest, to 100s. to 150s. for the best quality stones. While the upper grounds have been exclusively worked, the average yield per 100 loads has increased from 2.12 carats for October 1901 to 2.54 carats for November. In Mr. Newman's opinion, when the top grounds have been cleared away, the yield will



THE WORKING FACE AT OTTO'S KOPJE, SHOWING AERIAL GEAR.

reported at an earlier date, but in each case the obstacle which retards operations on a large scale is the scarcity of native labour. As long as the military authorities find employment for all the available Kaffir "boys" at wages and rations on a scale in excess of what the mines can afford to pay, so long will the resumption of mining throughout the colony be restricted. One of the first mines to get to work after the universal stoppage was Otto's Kopje, a diamond property on the outskirts of Kimberley. It will be remembered that almost the first incident of the war was the investment by the Boers of the Diamond City, where the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes was for over eighteen weeks conspicuous among the defenders. On Oct. 14, 1899, Kimberley was cut off from all communication with the outer world. The telegraph-wires were cut, the railway-lines torn up, and the city and all its inhabitants placed under martial law. The Otto's Kopje property was one of the most exposed, and therefore one of the most important of its defences; for within two miles across the open veldt, the Boers had taken possession of the Kamfersdam Mine, from which they kept up a constant fire. Mr. W. E. Chapman, the General Manager of Otto's Kopje, lost no time in swearing in for military service the full strength of his white staff (with the exception of some twenty Dutchmen) and under his command the Otto's Kopje Company of the Town Guard equipped the works for defence, the Cape "boys" employed at the mine, to the number of some two hundred, being handed over to the custody of the Mayor. Several times Otto's Kopje was attacked at close range, and after a little time Colonel Kekewich determined to have the mine regularly occupied by British



OPENING UP THE 150 FT. LEVEL AT OTTO'S KOPJE.

the 200-ft. level. The aerial gear, just completed at a total cost of some £4000, effects a great saving of labour, and is the means whereby huge masses of the upper rubbish can be cleared away, so as to expedite the opening up of the richer portion of the mine. During October and November 1901, upwards of 13,000 loads of reef were thus removed, enabling the opening up of the 200-ft. level with a 50-ft. face, for working entirely on what is known as "Blue" ground, the most valuable in a diamondiferous property. This "Blue" has not recently been accessible to any great extent, but nevertheless the mine produced in the period between August 1900 and

certainly return to the old average of 3 to 3½ carats per 100 loads, and as the lower depths are reached, there is every justification for believing that a much more favourable average will be obtained. As has already been said, the workings under the present régime have not gone below the 200-ft. level, but it is on record that in Mr. O'Leary's time large discoveries were made at the 300-ft. and 350-ft. levels of his single shaft, where a return was obtained of 14 to 24 carats per 100 loads. Owing to the scarcity of native labour, the present washing operations are restricted to about 6000 loads per week. The minimum capacity of the plant now completed is 20,000 loads per week, and as soon as that out-

put can be handled, a return of three-and-a-half carats per 100 loads is estimated to yield sufficient to pay the full dividend on the preference capital, with a small distribution upon the ordinary. An increase in the return to five carats per 100 loads would mean ten per cent. dividends on both classes of shares, and, in the opinion of Mr. Newman, this eventuality is within a reasonable distance. Mr. Chapman, the General Manager, has little doubt about being able to secure the services of an additional two hundred Cape "boys," as soon as the war is over, and this will enable him to work a double night and day shift, and so accomplish the output which the machinery is capable of treating. The company is in a strong position as regards working capital, the mine is thoroughly well equipped with the best machinery in perfect working order, and in Mr. Chapman, the General Manager, the proprietors have an official who thoroughly understands his duties and carries them out with efficiency and conscientious care.



ON THE TAILINGS HEAP AT OTTO'S KOPJE DURING THE SIEGE.



## LADIES' PAGE.

Everybody has been talking about the lovely appearance of the Queen at the opening of Parliament. Her countenance was, they say, almost ethereal, and yet the splendour of her robes seemed just suitable to her fragile beauty. The dress of black chiffon, embroidered with jet, was almost concealed under the crimson velvet robe-mantle and the diamonds that scintillated all down the front on both bodice and skirt. The Princess of Wales, too,



CARRIAGE-COAT TRIMMED WITH CHENILLE AND SILVER.

looked well, and her dress was the more interesting as she took the opportunity of giving a practical demonstration of the possibility of having a fine costume for a State occasion made of exclusively British handiwork. Like her Majesty, the Princess wore a diaphanous dress of black embroidered with jet.

Similarly might the gowns be described at the Duchess of Devonshire's reception the night before the opening of Parliament. Her Grace is a very great lady, a splendid hostess, and owns a house admirably adapted for big entertainments, especially so in possessing a superb wide staircase, with a gallery above it on which the guests already arrived can stand to watch the brilliant scene of the reception of those who ascend the staircase later. The Duchess wore an Empire dress of black velvet, with a row of large and splendid brilliants along the top of the low bodice, resting upon a berthe of beautiful lace; her high diamond crown and necklet of pearls, centred with an immense ruby, added to large brooches on the bodice, made a brilliant *tout ensemble*. The Marchioness of Tweedmouth wore black net richly embroidered in lines, with velvet flowers brightened with jet. Lady Savile's gown was also of a filmy material, with much jet embroidery to lighten the effect; and, in fact, the silken foundries, draped with diaphanous fabrics and relieved with sequins or other forms of jet trimmings embroidered on the net, quite predominated over all other raiment. White was next favoured. The Marchioness of Londonderry wore her famous tiara of great circlets of brilliants, each centred by a perfect pearl; and necklace to match, with a white satin gown trimmed with some of her matchless laces. Her only daughter, the bride of the near future, Lady Helen Stewart, was in girlish white satin and tulle, with lilies-of-the-valley on the bodice. The Duchess's daughter, Lady Gosford, and her daughters, were all in white, the Countess wearing a superb gown of lace embroidered with silver sequins. Amongst the comparatively rare dresses in colour was Lady Battersea's pale-green velvet trimmed with filmy yellowish antique lace, with which went excellently some of her beautiful emeralds. There will certainly be a great reaction when the period of Court mourning is ended.

Lord Beaconsfield observes somewhere that it is a fine thing to be a beautiful young woman, for hers is the only position in which it is reasonable to anticipate that an immense fortune and great position will come begging for acceptance one day while life is still fresh. It certainly

must be interesting to walk out of church a peeress—though as a rule the distinction falls to the lot of young ladies who have had reason always to hope for something of the kind, and therefore has not quite the fairy-like unexpectedness of Lord Beaconsfield's imagination. The Earl of Donoughmore, who was recently married to Miss Elena Grace, daughter of an ex-Mayor of New York, may have had the satisfaction of giving what the same brilliant statesman called "the most charming title in the world—my Lady" to a bride who did not long foresee the change of address awaiting her. Lady Donoughmore was married in a lovely gown entirely of Brussels point lace, adorned, according to our modern luxurious habit of painting the lily, with white chenille and silver sequin embroideries; the train of white chiffon beneath the lace continued the embroideries, and the dainty length of it was carried by a little page in crimson satin. The bridesmaids were entirely in white, having long coats of cream-coloured cloth and skirts of crêpe-de-Chine in the same tone, with white picture-hats and plumes. Lady Gladys Hamilton became Countess of Wicklow on Jan. 14, in a dress of almost identical type. It also was of fine old Brussels point, finished with a frou-frou of chiffon beneath the lace; it was not in any way embroidered, but was arranged with perfect simplicity. The bodice was high, but collarless, and even slightly cut down V shape back and front, to show a beautiful pearl collar that has been presented to the bride by the citizens of Londonderry; she wore also a single-row pearl necklace and a turquoise and diamond brooch. The bride is very beautiful, and fair of complexion, so that turquoises are her favourite stone, and were numerous amid her wedding gifts; her brothers and sisters, however, gave her emeralds and pearls, and her bridegroom, among other splendid gifts of jewels, a brooch in the shape of a shamrock made with emeralds for the true colour. The Duchess of Abercorn is one of the warmest supporters of the Irish Industries Movement, and had the whole trousseau—including the dresses—made in Ireland; and Irish lace and embroidery alone were used for trimmings.

The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn has even a larger number of descendants than the late Queen, and this means that the new Countess of Wicklow is connected with half the peerage. The wedding was a very smart and fashionable gathering. Less black was worn than has been the case at most weddings for a year past, though so many families are in mourning that it cannot be avoided, and it is no longer considered, happily, unfortunate for the bride to have the sombre colour donned by her wedding guests. The Dowager Duchess of Abercorn was in black, with white feathers in her bonnet, and the Duchess of Buccleuch wore black satin with lace *à jour* to show a white lining; but the bride's mother wore palest grey poplin, trimmed with cream-coloured Irish lace and strapped with grey satin; and the Marchioness of Hamilton had a beautiful gown of rich-toned blue crêpe-de-Chine, with flounces of taffetas, and a belt of the same centred with a large diamond buckle at the back, under a slightly pouched bodice trimmed with cream lace. Lady Wicklow, as well as Lady Helen Stewart, in view of her approaching wedding, have been made the recipients of many beautiful gifts of a semi-public nature. The Irish Freemasons, as well as the inhabitants of Londonderry, gave gifts to the former; and Lady Helen Stewart has been receiving very handsome presents from the people of

many towns, both Irish and English, with which her parents are connected by the ties of gratitude felt for their kindness and benevolence, as well as by ownership.

English spring is not famous for its fine skies as a rule. The daily increasing mildness of the weather is favourable to exercise, but rain-storms are apt to come over suddenly. The sensible woman will therefore take care that her walking-gowns are made with the famous "Pirle finish." This method of finishing cloths, without being exactly waterproof (which would be unwholesome for constant wear), yet makes a surface capable of so far throwing off the rain that the makers guarantee to give a new length of cloth for any that bears the mark on the selvedge of being "Pirle finish" in case of its either spotting, cockling, or shrinking with rain. This is a boon of no slight importance, for what can be more vexatious and distressing than to have a nice new gown spoiled by the first shower of rain, when

one has gone forth into our uncertain climate without a waterproof? The cloths so finished, be it understood, do not show the process in the least. Fashionable materials in every style and colour are sold by all good drapers with the "Pirle finish." "Pirle finish" can be had, for instance, in the popular zibelines and also in the smooth-faced cloths, the great objection to which is their tendency to spot; and it is the part of wisdom to ask for this finish in whatever material one desires to buy. It is marked on the selvedge or at the end of the piece with the name "Pirle."



PALETOT WITH CHENILLE CROSSBARS AND SILVER ROSETTES.

Our Illustrations show a couple of charming carriage-wraps, less heavy than the furs that we shall not need very much longer. The first is formed of fine cloth edged with sable and banded with velvet. It is further trimmed by a design of chenille and silver embroidery down each side of the front and round the full sleeve. A silver clasp at the throat gives a finishing touch to the design. With this goes a sable toque trimmed with wings. Equally smart is the other coat. It is built of cloth which falls in pleats from the bust. Sable-edged front and collar are ornamented by a trimming of crossbars of chenille and dainty chenille flowers each centred with silver. A hat of velvet trimmed with chenille ornaments and black lace is added.

One way of improving the complexion that in many cases would be most efficacious is the frequent use of gentle face-massage with Crème Simon. This dainty toilet preparation has not animal fat, but glycerine, for its base, and the excellent effect of that substance on the skin is well known to doctors. Crème Simon, to improve the complexion, needs to be gently but well rubbed in every night, or thrice a week, before retiring, with the tips of the fingers. Stings, chaps, redness from the wind's too rough attentions, sunburn, and so forth, are also soon cured by Crème Simon. Before going out, rub some of the Crème Simon on the cheeks, and then wipe it off carefully with soft rag or wash-leather, and give a dust of the Poudre Simon, which is free from injurious ingredients, and just leave a bloom on the cheeks. The scent of the Crème is delicious; so is that of the Savon à la Crème Simon, that is recommended as being perfectly pure and carefully prepared. Crème Simon for travelling use is now supplied both in collapsible tubes and in most useful china "Flacons pour la Voyage," each provided with a well-fitting porcelain stopper.

Lovers of that delicious vegetable, the green pea, need not be altogether deprived of their favourite legume in the winter, for Messrs. Farrow and Co., of Boston, are sufficiently thoughtful and enterprising to select the finest marrowfats when they are in their prime, and dry them ready for winter use. The price of a packet is trifling; a compound (guaranteed harmless) is supplied inside the packet to soften the water in which the peas must be soaked for twelve hours or more, and then they are boiled for a short time, and, served with butter, are a good substitute for the fresh article. These peas of Messrs. Farrow's also make excellent St. Germain potage. FILOMENA.



A SANNA'S POST MEMENTO: STATUETTE OF "SCIENCE ARMED."

The silver statuette presented on Jan. 13 by Lord Roberts to the "Q" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery was subscribed for by the past officers of the Royal Artillery. It is symbolical of "Science Armed." The figure was manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, W.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

# SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

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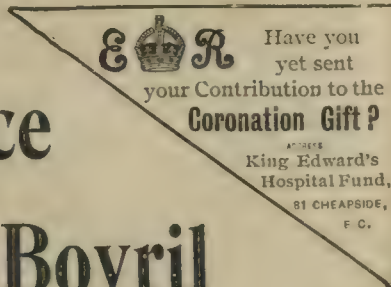
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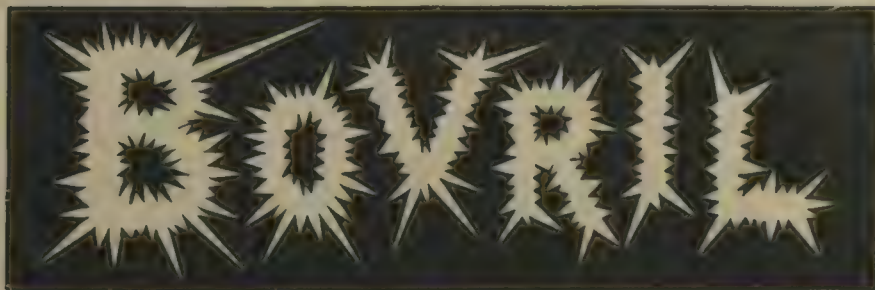
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## MUSIC.

At the Saturday Popular Concert on Jan. 18, the chamber concerted music was drawn from Beethoven, and a quartet in C major and trio in D major were performed. In the former composition stringed instruments only are employed, and Signor Simonetti, Herr Adolf Friedrich, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and Mr. Carl Fuchs were the performers. The andante is the most popular movement, but so melancholy that the menuetto comes as a welcome contrast. For the first time at these concerts a sonata in F sharp minor by Brahms was played by M. Ernst von Dohnanyi. The novelty is not likely to become a popular feature at these concerts, for Brahms, who composed this and two other sonatas for the pianoforte alone, was not satisfied with them; and of the number one has never been performed at all at the Popular Concerts, and the other two only once each. Brahms at all times is somewhat difficult to understand, but in these particular sonatas, as his biographer, Deiters, says: "We ask ourselves at times if the combinations are not too daring, if the harsh harmonies and modulations do not overstep the line of beauty, if the roundness of form is not disturbed by thematic accessories and science made the first object, to the detriment of a natural fundamental development." The performance, however, met with great applause, and it was due primarily to the excellent playing of M. Dohnanyi. His technique and method are really admirable. Mr. Robert Greir, the vocalist, sang two odes from "Anacreon," by Hubert Parry, and a song of Coleridge Taylor and of Elgar. It is delightful to see modern English composers filling the vocal part of a classic chamber programme, though as regards temperament, Mr. Greir was not quite equal to the martial

ardour of "The Sword Song" of Dr. Elgar. Signor Simonetti played really exquisitely an "Adagio Appassionata" of Max Bruch, which his publishers have adapted for the violin with a pianoforte accompaniment, instead of, as Bruch himself wrote it, for the violin and orchestra. The trio of Beethoven, written for piano-

Fantastique" of Berlioz, that is too seldom heard, that veritable nightmare of the orchestra, with its extraordinary inverted funeral march and mad execution; secondly, for the first performance of Dr. Edward Elgar's incidental music to the drama "Diarmid and Grania," by George Moore and W. B. Yeats. There is a very dramatic Dead March, which is masterly, and the music will enhance the reputation of Dr. Elgar. Thirdly, the concert was remarkable for the reappearance of Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, who has been studying in Paris for the last two years. Her voice has greatly benefited by training, and, flexible and marvellous as her compass before was, the matured control and improvement of technique would justify the high opinion Sir Arthur Sullivan held of it when he chose her as leading soprano for a Savoy production. M. I. H.



Photo. S. Wilson.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE STEAM-SHIP "FUSHUN" AT CANTON:  
THE WRECKAGE, FROM THE ENGINE-ROOM SKYLIGHT, OVERLOOKING THE SALOON.

The "Fushun," which belongs to the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company, was burned on the morning of Nov. 22. The crew and passengers fortunately escaped, but although the fire brigade turned out promptly nothing could be done to save the vessel and cargo. The hull remained sound enough to permit of the ship's being towed to Hong-Kong, where she is being patched up for removal to Shanghai. Our photograph, showing the extraordinary twisting of the girders, was taken at Hong-Kong.

forte, violin, and violoncello, closed the concert, M. Ernst von Dohnanyi taking the pianoforte part.

An interesting Symphony Concert was given on Saturday at the Queen's Hall, with the Newman Orchestra—interesting for three different reasons: first, for that brilliant, bizarre, and sombre "Symphonie

Messrs. Heywood and Co., Limited, 150, Holborn. It will contain over 400 illustrations and portraits, and will be bound in vellum. The compilation of the work, which will cost ten guineas, is in the hands of Mr. W. Eden Hooper, who compiled "The Stock Exchange in 1900" and "The Stage in 1900."

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales has graciously consented to become a Patroness of the Hospital for Women, Soho Square.

Under the title of "National Policy," Messrs. A. L. Humphreys, 187, Piccadilly, have issued an authorised edition of Lord Rosebery's recent Chesterfield speech. The price is one shilling, and the book will doubtless be welcomed as a memento of a great occasion.

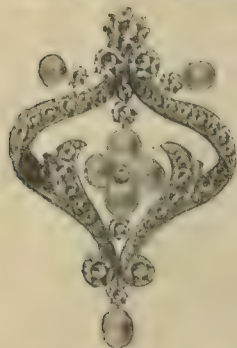
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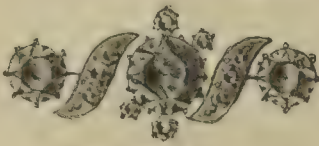
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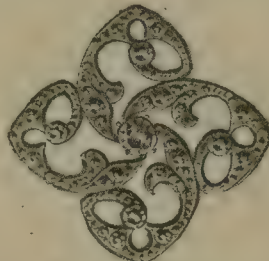
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The only people who thrive by Economy are the shop-keepers; and, after all, they do not thrive by it—they thrive on it. It is the "nineteen-eleven-three" of the suave shopman that does the trick. Housewives impeccably responsible and almost painfully sane at other times, and in other places, bow down and worship the magic Sign of the Beast—"3d."—whenever its fateful blazon swims into their ravished ken. "Sales" are the grand festivals of the unholy Trinity of farthings. From far and near, spending much money on hansoms, 'bus-fares, and luncheons in town, come the daughters of Economy. They hate the crowds, they tell you; they hate the scramble and the tug, they loathe their sister bargain-hunters, and they are *so tired*; but—this was only "nine-eleven-three," that "fifteen-eleven-three,"

and t'other "four-eleven-three" (quite instinctively they adopt, you note, the clipped phrase of the serving creature—an additional proof of degeneracy). It is useless to tell them that, in each case, the same articles could have been bought for a third of the price at one of the few reputable shops remaining. They will not believe you: be wise, and leave their conversion to Time and sad-eyed Experience. They are under the glamour of the Sign of Three, and they are persuaded that they have been exercising the "strictest economy." Farthings have

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIER.

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been saved, but as the run on these precious nothings was so great, they had to take instead packets of pins, or bolts of tape, or—yes, this also has been seen—an illuminated text.

Sometimes the same spirit infects men, as when they buy tobacco where the ounce and a trifling box of bad matches go together. (We always demand our farthing, and when we have accumulated four, purchase our lights elsewhere.) But when a man buys his wine on the same principle—away with him! away with him! "The napkin brand" (and who among us has not suffered the tortures of the thrice damned from that mystic amphora, which, like the Widow's Cruse, ever pours and pours and pours dyspepsia down British throats?)—"the 'napkin brand,'" we say, is the fruitiest of the Economical vintages. Of late, by-the-bye, it has taken to shedding its snowy cocoon and emerging as a full-blown butterfly, the "Duc de Groseille" or the "Marquis de Cidre." But under whatever trumpet-name, it is always Economy. Similarly with clothes. Your Cash Tailor is a fraud (we speak of the genus), for if you want "good goods" that will endure

for a reasonable season without losing cut and fit and buttons, you must pay a good price to a good man with a good name: 'tis thrifty so to do. We have a friend who two years ago forsook the Five-Guinea Frock-Coat and Vest (why will tailors say vest when they mean waistcoat?), and at a cold plunge, with something of the thrill a gambler must feel who stakes his all on zero, he paid his eighteen guineas—and lives to bless the hour. To-day his investment is sound in silk and seam, he complains that it will not go done, and he gratefully admits that he

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has saved at least seven guineas by that one transaction. Economy led him astray; seeming Extravagance has lifted her veil and shown him the comfortable face of Thrift.

To other fields Economy has been carrying her pernicious banner, and what dire things have not been following the flag? Education, elementary education, may serve for example, since any stick is good enough for a mad dog. "Nineteen-eleven-three" has been rampant here these many years past; here more than anywhere else it has all the majesty and suggests the exclusive *cachet* of the Sovereign, yet how much more than the farthing does it fall short? Standard this, and Standard that, and all the other drapery labels confer a dignity that is neither real nor sufficing. The minimum of knowledge clasps hands with the Barnum maximum of pretension. The day labourer's daughter who can solve vulgar fractions (truly, vulgar now) declines to scrub a floor which is all she is good for—and crowds the typewriter market, or sits at home sipping the mental absinthe of *The Upper Ten*. Her brother, who should be hammering iron or soling highlows, either becomes a creature behind a ribbon-counter, or "does not" edit the aforesaid elegant journal (in either position the social status is identical). Thrift in education is best—Thrift which gives to each what each should have, and not a ha'porth more: who wants more will have it. Extravagance in education is bad, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie, if he live long enough, will find out in spite of his Scottish honorary degrees; but it is better by a long mile than Economy.

In religion and politics the effects of Economy are notorious at every turn; but these fields lie far beyond our parish of a column, and although we might, with some excuse, instance the War as an example of the "Penny wise, Pound foolish" policy, we dare not invite the wrath of the smoking-room General. Not that we fear the honest cholera of any person of sense, as we surely show by stating and maintaining that our neighbours *d'outre Manche* know, and love, Thrift, and abominate Economy. If the Frenchman wants a cup of coffee, he will have it of the best, and if he cannot get it at his own price, he will go without—which is Thrift. Yet will he pay one penny or two above his own price, and trust to make it up another way—as thus—

The other afternoon, in the cheerful shine of a December sun, we sat sipping our postprandial coffee and watching the motley pilgrims of the Avenue de l'Opéra. To the chair on our right came for his *mazagran* an old soldier, curled, imperious, *décoré*. With the glass always go two cubes of sugar—one too many for most people, and one too many for our General. He sipped sternly, he looked sternly at the "60 c." marked on his



A MAYORAL CHAIN FOR FULHAM.

The badge is oval in shape, having in the centre a figure in enamel in relief of a maiden rising out of mire, symbolically representing the raising of the Borough from a marshy and muddy state to a flourishing condition; above are depicted two cranes or swans, signifying, as given by some authorities, the derivation or origin of the name of Fulham, and below appears the head of Father Thames, the river at one time running through the Borough. There are two connecting links, the first being lozenge-shaped, containing the arms of the Bishop of London, commemorating the fact of the residence for centuries of the Bishops in the Borough. The second link is composed of the initials of the donor, Mr. Councillor Timothy Davies. The chain consists of alternate shields and the letter F, connected by the old wave-link pattern chain. This chain and badge were designed by Mr. Councillor Ernest Avern, and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

*assiette*, and just as sternly, and with just as much nonchalance, as he faced the Prussian guns in the old days, he lifted the remaining cube and placed it in the pocket of his beribboned coat. The act was that of a nation—the nation that paid a murderous war indemnity to the last sou, and then began light-heartedly to build new wonder-palaces for the world. It was the apotheosis of Thrift. At the moment we did not profit by the lesson, and we departed leaving two cubes on our own *assiette*, for we take our coffee unsugared. That was Extravagance. To-morrow we take our sugar home.


## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1888) of Mr. Louis Gruning, of Crowshot, East Woodhay, near Newbury, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Jan. 11 by Edward Augustus Gruning, the brother, Thomas Hughes Jackson, and George Layton, the executors, the value of the estate being £325,590. The testator bequeaths £5000 to his brother-in-law, Hermann David Webber, M.D.; his furniture, plate, pictures, etc., carriages and horses, to his brother; £250 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth each to his brother Edward Augustus and his sisters Mrs. Emily Donaldson and Mrs. Matilda Webber; or should they predecease him, then to their respective children, and one fourth, upon trust, to pay £250 per annum to Mrs. Anna Maria Gruning for life, and, subject thereto, for the children of his deceased brother Henry.

The will (dated July 30, 1893) of Mr. George Hanbury Field, of 97, Eaton Square, and Ashurst Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 24, was proved on Jan. 9 by Cuthbert Arthur Field, the son, and the Earl of Winterton, the brother-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £260,109. The testator bequeaths £2000 to his wife; such a sum as, with what they will receive from the funds of his first marriage settlement, will make up £15,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Isabel Susan Emily and Hilda Catherine; and £15,000, upon trust, for the child or children of his second marriage. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Cuthbert Arthur.

The will (dated May 29, 1893) of Mr. James Barclay, of 7, Greville Place, Maida Vale, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Jan. 10 by John James Barclay, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the estate amounting to £143,007. Subject to legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his son. Provision was made for his wife, but it would appear she predeceased him.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1896), with a codicil (dated June 23 following), of Mr. Thomas Whitfield, of Glenna, Greencroft Gardens, Hampstead, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 11 by Henry James Hill and Robert Thomas Wragg, the value of the estate being £77,968. The testator bequeaths £300 and his household furniture to Anne Mundy; £500 to his cousin James Whitfield; £400 to John Casey; £100 to Eva Mundy; £200 to his niece Henrietta Kemp; £100 each to Lucy and Claude Kemp; £200 to Robert Thomas Wragg; £250 to James Dixon; and £200 to Henry Hill. The residue of his property he leaves between the London Hospital, Guy's Hospital, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, St. George's



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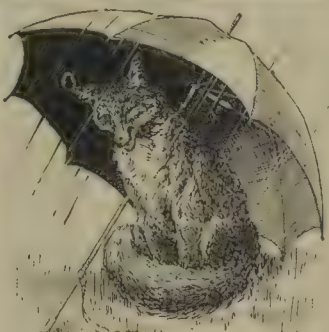
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Letters of administration of the estate of Charles William Hylton, fifth Earl of Sefton, of Croxteth Hall, Liverpool, and Sefton House, Belgrave Square, who died on Dec. 2, intestate, were granted on Jan. 14 to Osbert Cecil, sixth Earl of Sefton, and the Hon. Richard Frederick Molyneux, the brothers, two of the next-of-kin, the value of the estate amounting to £91,113.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1901) of Mr. George Horton, of 4, Cedars Road, Clapham Common, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on Jan. 13 by Mrs. Anna Maria Horton, the widow, Isaac Horton, the brother, and Percy Devonshire Jones, the executors, the value of the estate being £75,768. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife; and

£100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his two daughters and their issue. The will states, "I declare that it is only at the earnest request of my said wife that I do not make any further provision for her in this my will."

The will (dated Sept. 4, 1901) of Mr. Thomas Nelson Foster, of Allt Dinas, Cheltenham, who died on Oct. 2, was proved on Dec. 28 at the Gloucester District Registry by Richard Gibbs Foster, the brother, and Nelson Beaufoy Foster and Francis Kenelm Foster, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £59,027. Subject to specific gifts to his children and a legacy to his gardener, the testator leaves all his property, including the funds of his marriage settlement over which he had a power of appointment, to his children Nelson Beaufoy, Francis Kenelm, Henry Cotes, Ralph Howard, Edith Adeline, Evaline Gertrude, Dorothy Elizabeth, Henrietta Beatrice, Rosaline, and Georgina Blanche, large sums given, and advanced to them to be brought into hotchpot. He made no provision for his daughters Louise Mary Lambert and Geraldine Rachel Lambert, they having been provided for on their marriages.

The will (with two codicils) of the Hon. and Rev. Douglas Hamilton Gordon, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, who died on Dec. 6, 1901, at The Close, Salisbury, has been proved by the Hon. Edward William Douglas, Mr. William Hugh Hamilton Gordon, and Captain George Sholto Douglas. The testator gives his household

furniture to his wife, Lady Ellen Gordon. He also gives the use and enjoyment of two leasehold houses in Chelsea to Lady Ellen Gordon during her life, and after her death he gives one to each of his two daughters as shall be unmarried at the time of his widow's death, and the other to his son Douglas and his issue. The testator bequeaths the residue of his estate to his trustees, upon trust, to pay the income to Lady Ellen Gordon during her life. After her death, by the joint effect of certain appointments under family settlements and of the testator's will and codicils, a sum of £10,000 is directed to be held, in trust, for each of the testator's three sons and their issue, and a sum of £17,000 for each of the testator's two daughters and their issue. The testator gives the ultimate surplus of his residuary estate to his sons Douglas and George, and his two daughters in equal shares. The testator's personal estate amounts to the net sum of £48,000.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1901) of Sir Wilford Brett, K.C.M.G., of Esher, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Jan. 11 by Viscount Esher, the nephew, and Alfred Octavius Kirby, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £11,895. The testator bequeaths the articles given to him by her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Emperor Frederick, to Lord Esher; the diamond studs and the diamond links presented to him by the King to Thomas Anthony Hwfa Williams; and small pecuniary legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The churches of Bournemouth and Boscombe contributed over £300 this month to the East London Church Fund. At the head of the list came St. John's, Boscombe, with an offering of £84. The Bishop of London was the preacher, and so great was the eagerness to hear him that a crowd was turned away from the doors, while many persons stood throughout the whole service. The week-day meeting at the Mont Dore room was also crowded. The Bishop of Stepney gave a most interesting account of his work in the East End. He said that the factory-girls are the class which of all others has least respect for the Episcopal office and the Episcopal dress. Not long ago he had the misfortune to be passing the door of a factory as the girls were coming out, and three or four of them stood apart and stared at him, while one called out "Wot a smell of 'ats." The Bishop told several other stories of the factory-girls' opinions of Bishops—stories which would have sounded irreverent in any other mouth than that of the victim.

The Bishop of London paid a high tribute at this meeting to his colleague of Stepney. He said that Dr. Lang has grasped the multifarious duties of his position as if he had been a Bishop all his life. It was most interesting to listen to these two distinguished prelates, each so full of life and enthusiasm, each so thoroughly modern in his ecclesiastical methods. Dr. Winnington-Ingram uses many homely expressions—

relics of his long residence in the East End. "I am delighted you have given us this bumper meeting," was one of his remarks; and, later on, turning to his friend, he said—"I leave the details to you—that's your job." He calls himself "a Bournemouth man," on the strength of his annual holiday at his mother's home.

In a recent sermon the Bishop of London mentioned that he receives about eighty letters daily, and that he speaks or preaches nearly every day. In spite of this hard work, he is looking remarkably well and cheerful, and his fund of good spirits is apparently inexhaustible.

Canon Duckworth continues to make satisfactory progress towards recovery from the effects of his recent severe accident. He is anxious to be perfectly well in time for the Coronation, when, as Sub-Dean, he will have an important part to play in assisting Mr. Bradley.

The Bishop of Durham spent his New Year holiday at Dorchester, where he was the guest of his brother, Mr. Henry Mole. During his stay he preached at St. Peter's Church. Last week he visited Jarrow for the first time since his appointment to the see, and addressed a meeting to promote a memorial to the Venerable Bede. An address of welcome was presented to the Bishop, who said in reply that it moved him deeply that a simple minister of the Gospel should receive such a hearty official greeting in the busy

centre of modern industry on Tyneside. An address was also presented from the Nonconformist ministers of the district.

The Rev. Walter Howard Frere has succeeded Bishop Gore as superior of the community of the Resurrection at Mirfield. The brothers of this community are amongst the most successful evangelists in the Church of England, and their open-air services are well attended and highly appreciated for many miles around their home.

Easter falls early this year, and the lists of Lenten preachers are already being arranged. The Bishop of London has made an attractive series of appointments for the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where we shall have an opportunity of hearing the Bishops of Oxford, Winchester, Durham, and Stepney, and the Archbishop of York on Palm Sunday. The Bishop will himself occupy this pulpit on the First Sunday in Lent, and on St. Peter's Day, the Sunday following the Coronation.

The Bishop of Kensington, in his recent address on "The Secularisation of Sunday," took a decidedly conservative view of the duty of Sabbath-keeping. He urged that the day should be regarded in a twofold aspect: first, as the old patriarchal Sabbath, recalling the end of the creative work of God, and secondly, as the Christian Sunday. He appealed to parents to teach their children in the good old-fashioned way to look forward to and love their Sunday at home.

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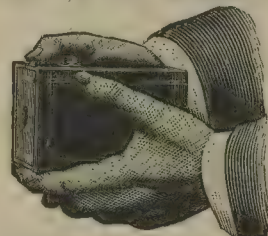
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Dinner was given to over 600 employees of the Vinolia Co., Ltd., by the chairman at King's Hall, Holborn Restaurant. The office staff filled the galleries, while the main body of the hall was reserved for people from the Kentish Town and Stratford works. The chairman and his wife shook hands with all the people, who presented some beautiful flowers. One man said he had worked for thirty years, and never had such a good time before; another said he had "eight dinners himself" (meaning courses). All the people are given a summer vacation, their time being paid for the same as when at work. One old man at a place the company bought, on being told to go for his fortnight's vacation, said it was the first holiday he had had for fifty years.

In concluding his remarks, the chairman said: "In a remote region of darkness is a beautiful woman whose name is Eurydice. She is the sweetheart, the well-beloved, of Orpheus. Orpheus wants to bring her out of the darkness into the light. How can he do so? He is told that if he will go to her she will follow him out; but he must trust to her to follow, and he must not look back. Again and again does Orpheus repair to this dark region for Eurydice, and, turning round, he walks toward the light. But when he gets almost out his impatience overcomes him, his curiosity is so great that he cannot withstand the strain, and he looks back to see if Eurydice follows. Then she vanishes. Each time she disappears, Sisyphus, who is for ever heaving a great boulder up the hill which for ever rolls back upon him; Ixion, who for ever turns his wheel of fire—cease for a space, while tears run down the Furies' cheeks. Some time there will be no looking back, and Eurydice will be free. It is so with your future, too. Some time, advancing, and never looking back, will bring you where you want to be—out of the region of dreams and setbacks and waiting. But it takes time. I hope this New Year's dinner will give you all pleasure: a half, a quarter, a hundredth part of the pleasure it has given me. I wish you all, with all my heart, a very Happy New Year."





## THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ARCH.

A correspondent writes: In a note attached to your very interesting photograph of the entrance to an ancient tunnel existing near Jerusalem, it is suggested that "the principle of the arch was not understood and used until the time of the Romans." The principle, however, was evidently well known to the Egyptians so far back as the end of the Third Dynasty; and the arched tunnel or passage appears, in a very perfect form, in some of the earliest Egyptian tombs to which it has hitherto been found possible to assign a date. In a paper upon the "Sources and Growth of Architecture in Egypt," read before the Royal Institute of British Architects in May 1901, Professor Flinders Petrie remarks in this connection: "Regular brickwork developed in use in the prehistoric time, and

some arched brick tombs are probably of this age. There can, however, be no doubt of the barrel-vaulted passage in the tomb of King Neter-Khet, belonging to the beginning of the Third Dynasty (about 4200 B.C.), and the magnificent brickwork and arching of the Sixth Dynasty (about 3400 B.C.) shows a long familiarity and free use of it."

At the Kodak Company's establishment in Clerkenwell Road there is now to be seen perhaps the largest collection of photographs ever brought under one roof. These photographs have been sent in from all parts of the world in connection with the Kodak amateur competition, in which prizes to the value of £300 are offered, and which has just closed. The huge warehouse which

Kodak, Limited, have recently acquired as an extension to their premises was devoted to the work of unpacking and preliminary inspection of the entries, and five immense floors, aggregating some 15,000 square feet, were pressed into service. We understand that the prize-winning pictures, together with a selection of other entries, will shortly be on view at 40, West Strand, W.C.

The Director of "Nordrach in Wales" writes to us to point out that that institution for the treatment of consumption is a private establishment. We regret that, by an unfortunate confusion of two similar landscapes, one of the pictures which we published among our Illustrations of consumption sanatoria was described as belonging to the new Nottinghamshire Sanatorium, whereas it was a view in the grounds of "Nordrach in Wales."

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## A WOMAN'S DETERMINATION.

How far a woman's determination will carry her is a much discussed question. It is better in most cases that the feminine determination should not be tested. This was narrowly averted in a very peculiar manner quite recently. Mrs. Smith, who lives at 57, Derby Road, Heanor, Derbyshire, determined that Bile Beans for Biliousness would be the last medicine she would ever take if they proved as useless as the scores of medicines she had tried in vain. The reason for this determination will be gathered from her statement to a reporter of the *Heanor Observer* who recently had an interview with her. Said Mrs. Smith: "For many months I suffered acutely from indigestion. At all times I had a dull aching pain in my chest and between my shoulders, but this became worse after taking food. I ate not because I had any appetite, but because it was necessary to live. In fact, so acute was the pain I suffered after eating that I became really afraid to take food. I lost strength until I could hardly drag myself about. I was constantly being sick, and became so reduced that I seemed to be on the verge of the grave. Of course I consulted a doctor, and when his medicine did me no good I tried various remedies which were recommended; from none of them did I get the slightest good. One day Bile Beans were brought to my notice; I was advised to give them a trial. It was with some hesitation that I did so, and I felt determined that if they did me no good I would never take any more medicine.

"Happily it was not necessary to exercise this determination. A few boxes of the Beans worked an enormous change in me, and when I had taken a thorough course every trace of indigestion had left me.

"My appetite is now all that I could wish. I can eat and enjoy my food, and I never experience either pain, flatulence, heartburn, sickness, or any other symptom of indigestion after even the heartiest meal. One of my sons used to suffer from bilious attacks. Seeing the wonderful effect Bile Beans had upon me, he also gave them a trial, and they have done him a world of good. If any other sufferers would try them I am quite sure that they would have every reason to be thankful."

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*Illustrated London News, Jan. 25th, 1902.*

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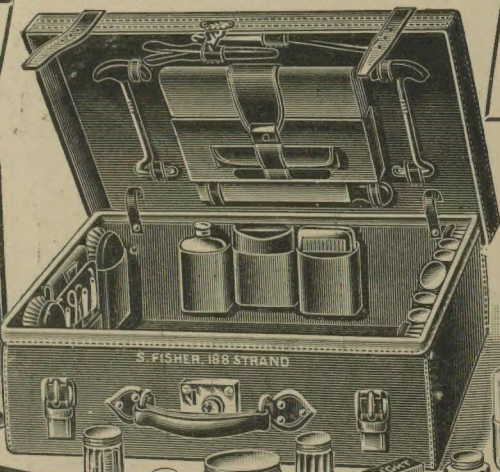
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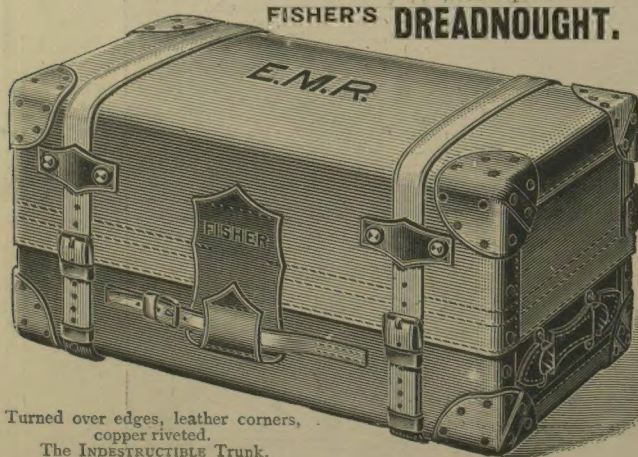
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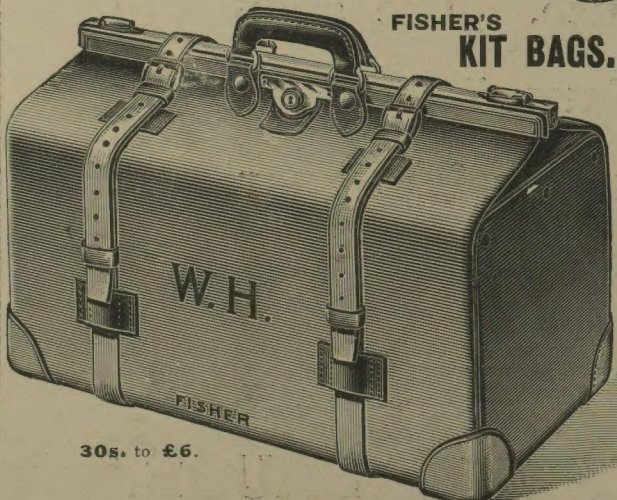
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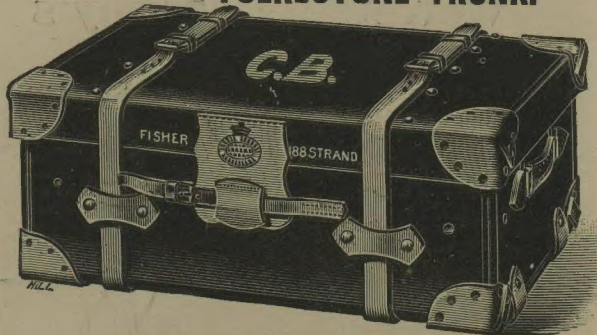
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THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 16: HIS MAJESTY THE KING READING HIS SPEECH FROM THE THRONE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT, JANUARY 16.

DRAWN BY HOLLAND TRINGHAM.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION AT THE VICTORIA TOWER, WESTMINSTER PALACE: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.